JOHN BULL, MARCH 12, 1938

VOL. LXIII. 1656

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

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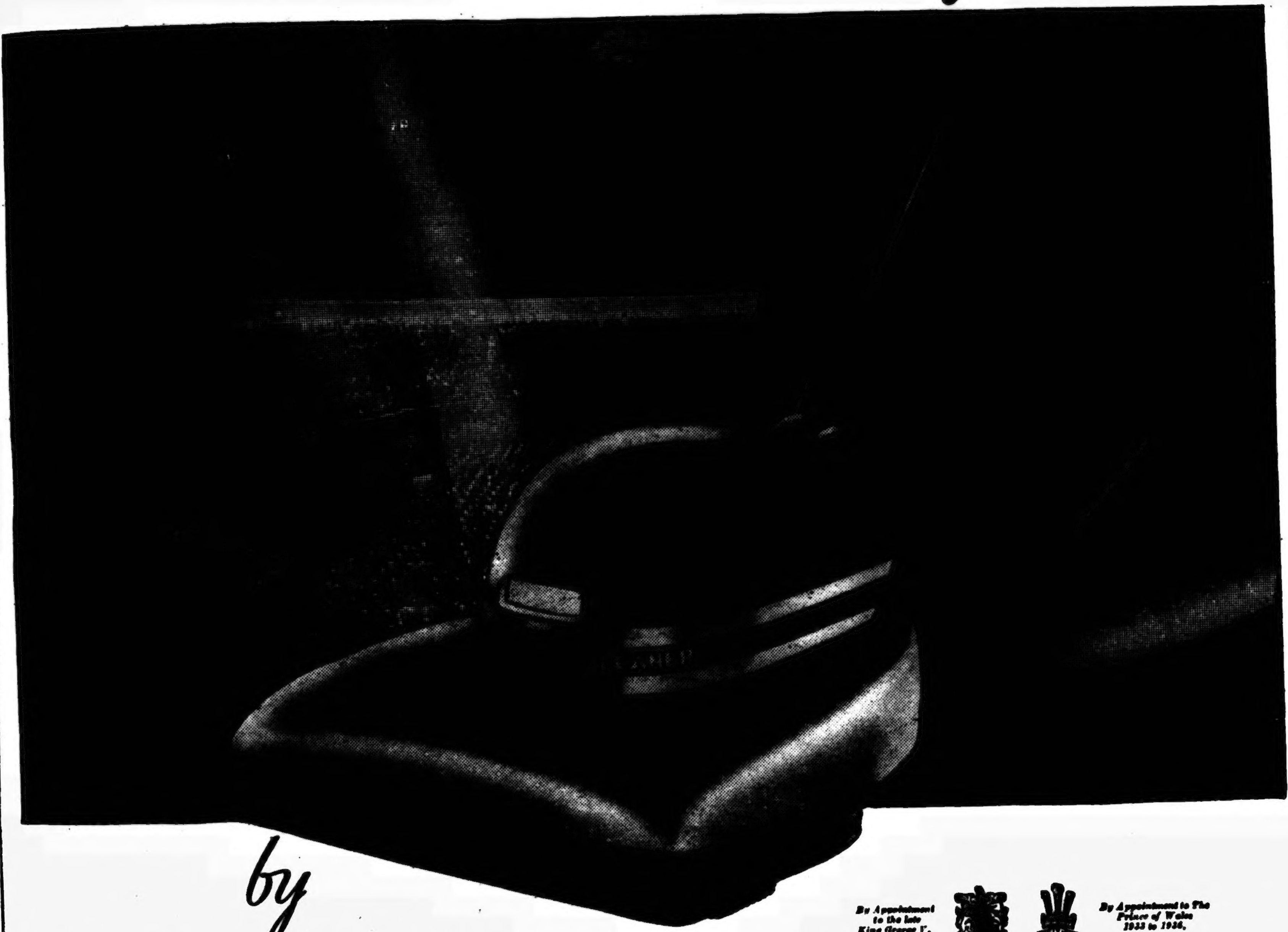

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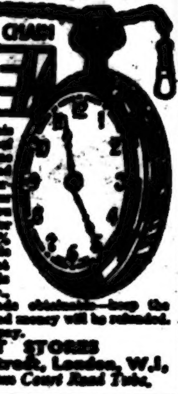

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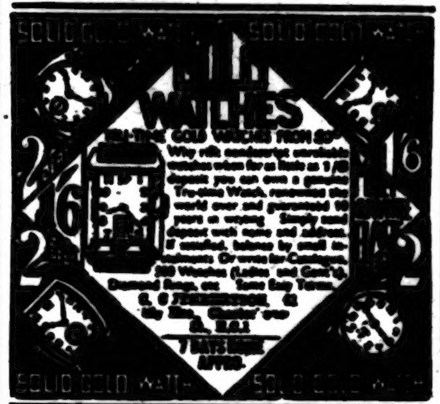

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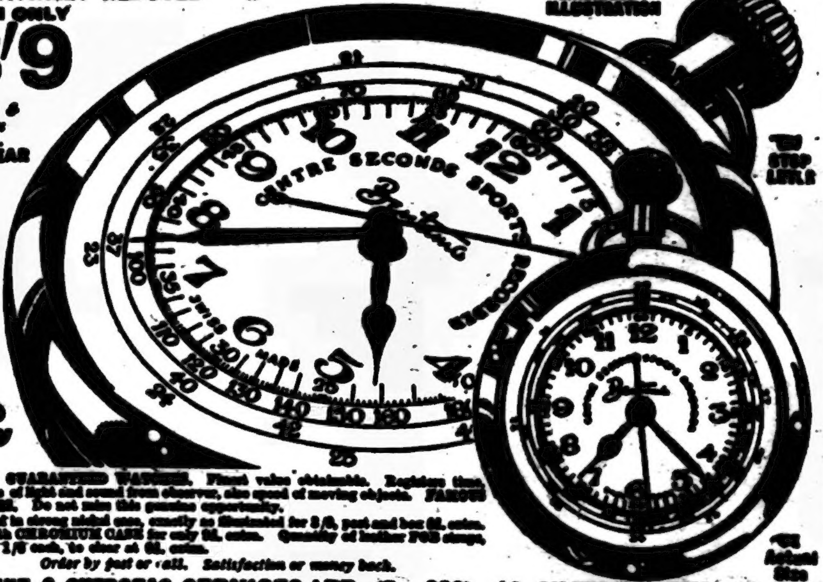

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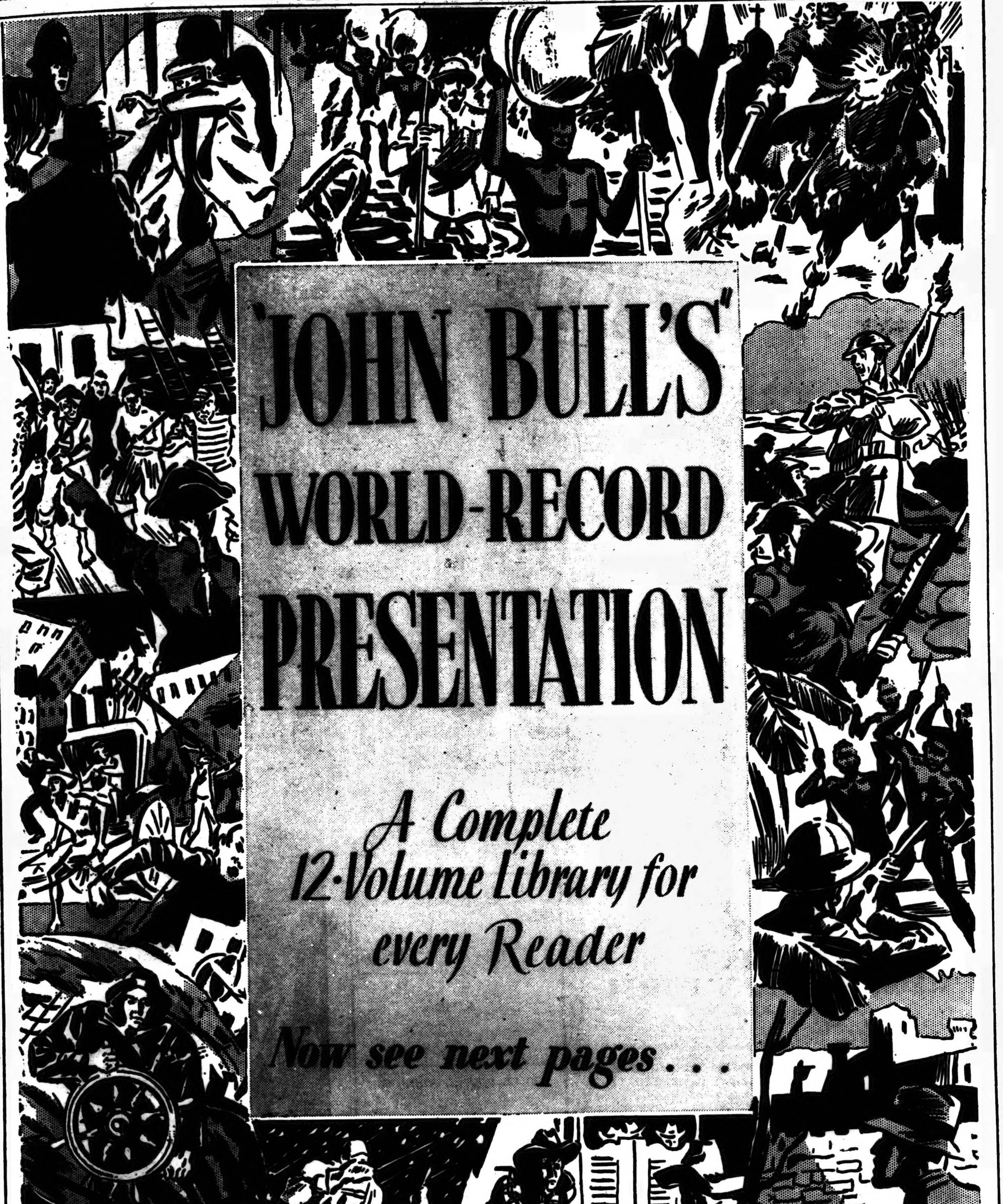

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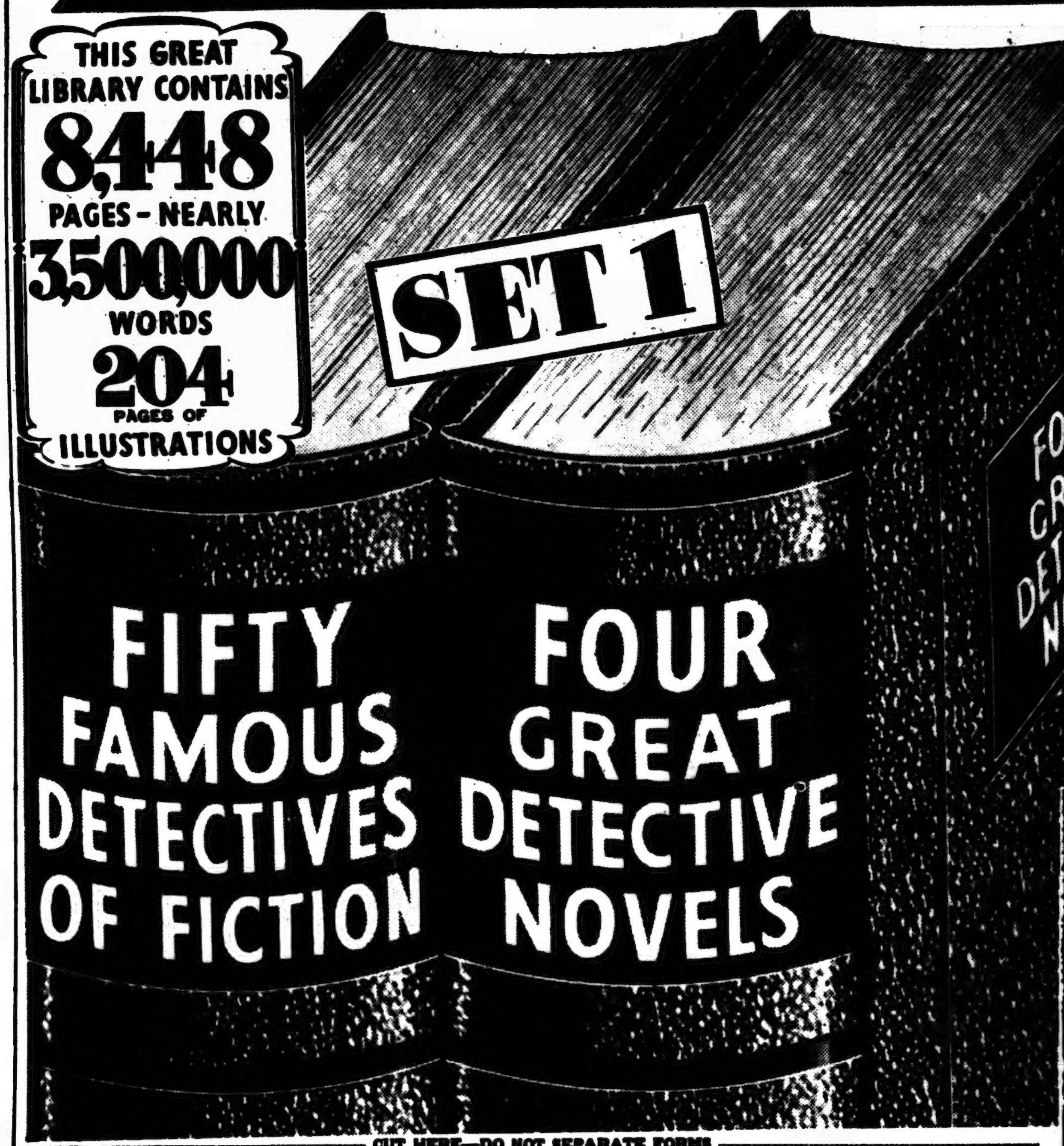
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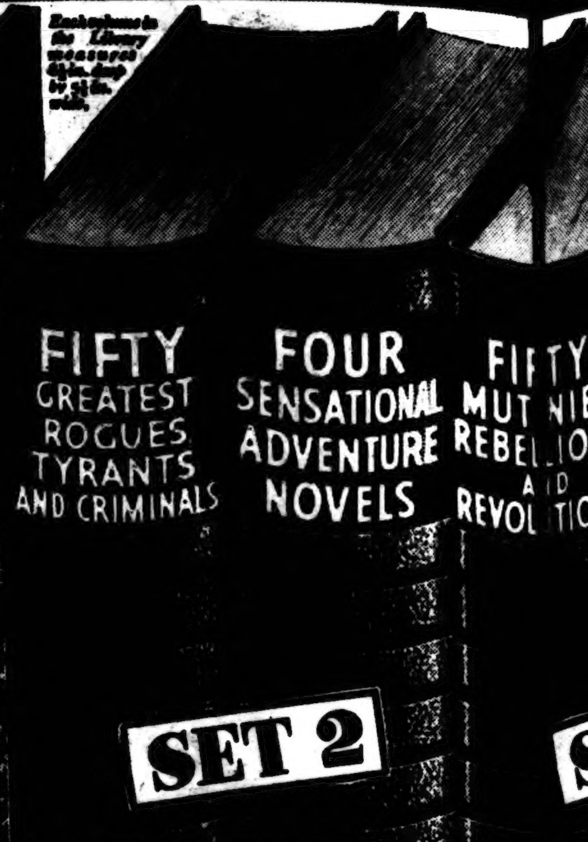
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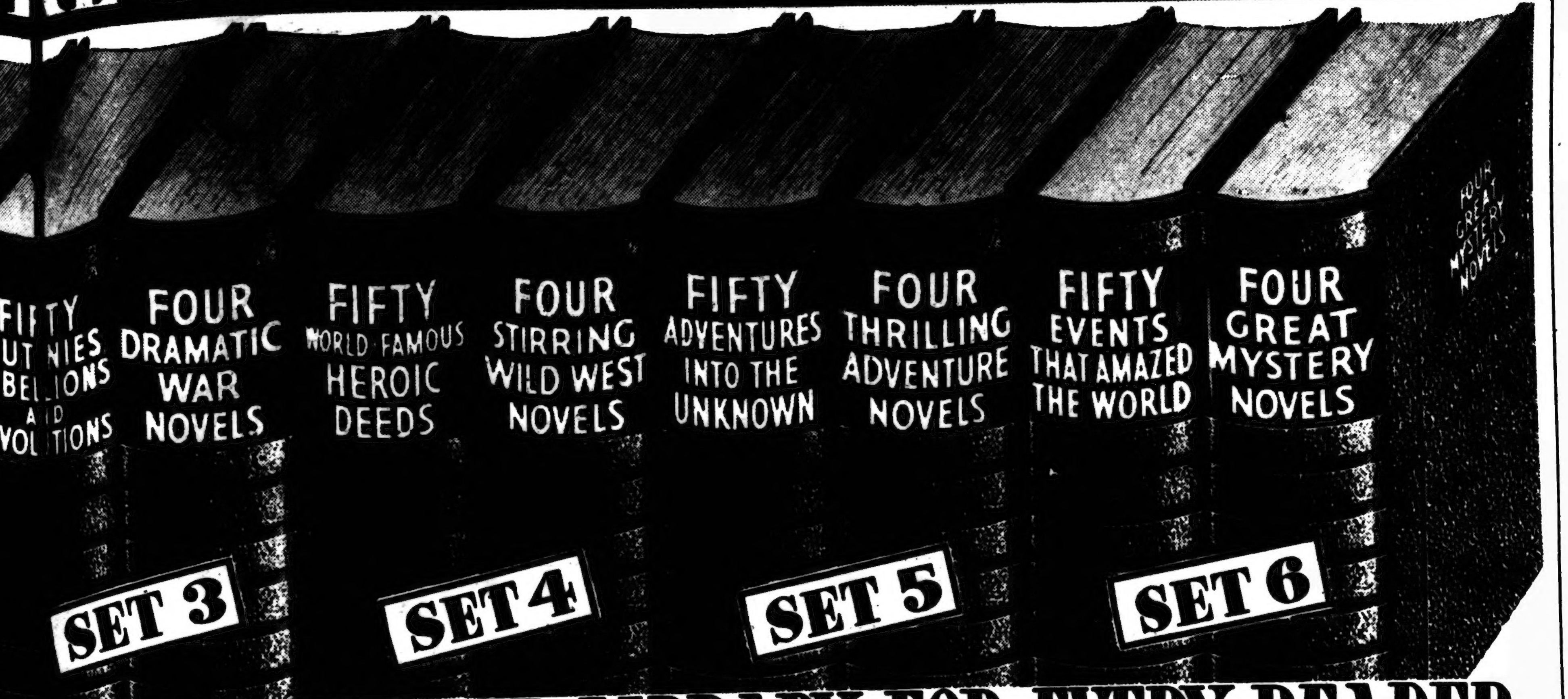
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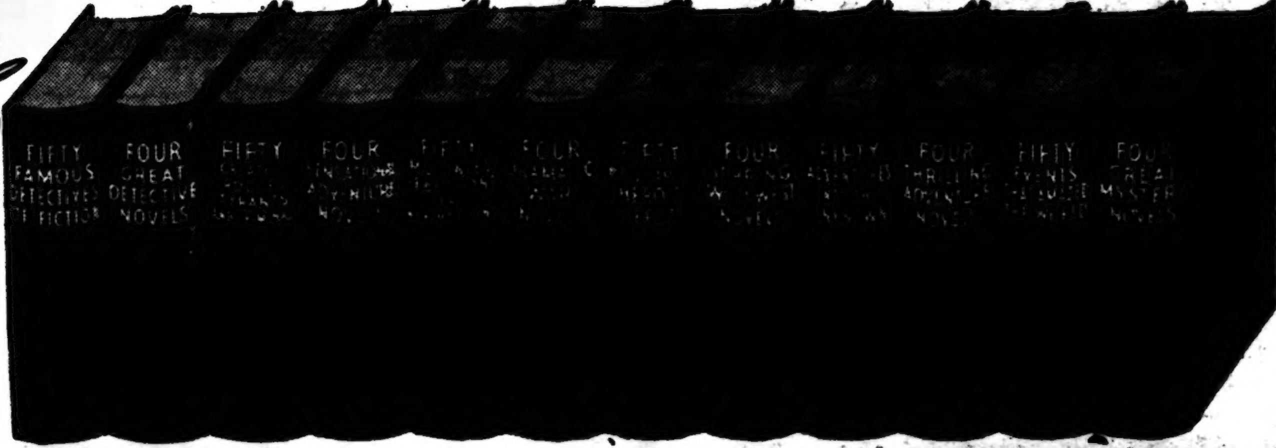
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"FIFTY MUTINIES, REBELLIONS AND REVOLUTIONS"

[illegible] etc., etc.

"FOUR DRAMATIC WAR NOVELS"

"Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse—"[illegible]," by W. F. Morris—"Patrol," by Philip MacDonald—"[illegible]," by Andre Chamson.

SET FOUR

"FIFTY WORLD-FAMOUS HEROIC DEEDS"

[illegible] etc., etc.

"FOUR STIRRING WILD WEST NOVELS"

"Rustlers' Paradise," by W. C. MacDonald—"[illegible]," by [illegible]—"Singing River," by W. C. Tuttle—"[illegible] Canyon," by W. P. White.

SET FIVE

"FIFTY ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN"

[illegible] etc., etc.

"FOUR THRILLING ADVENTURE NOVELS"

"[illegible]," by Eden Phillpotts—"The Crystal Skull," by Jack McLaren—"Shadows by the Sea," by J. Jefferson Farjeon—"Hearts of Three," by Jack London.

SET SIX

"FIFTY EVENTS THAT AMAZED THE WORLD"

[illegible] etc., etc.

"FOUR GREAT MYSTERY NOVELS"

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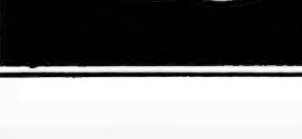

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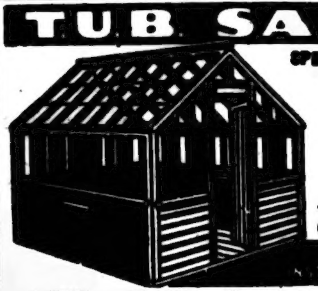

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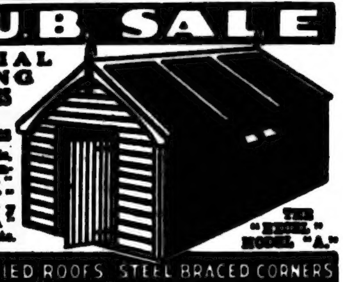

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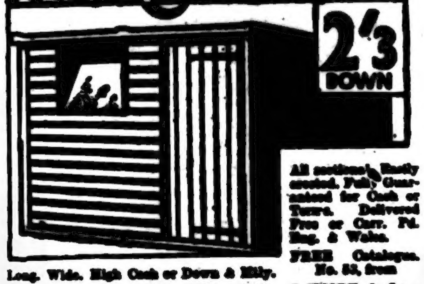

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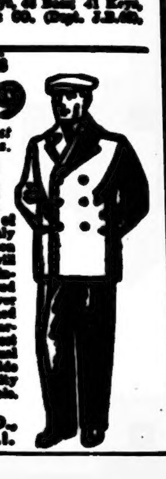

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CATARRH

IT'S USELESS TO ONLY FREE YOUR NOSE!

I guarantee to clear it from your system in less than a month!

OR I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY *IN FULL!*

THOUSANDS are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating "symptoms" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best spray that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease. Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, the deadly virulent mucus that drops from the throat to bronchial tubes, stomach and bowels is reinfecting the whole system.

AMAZING SUCCESS OF MY HERBAL DISCOVERY

I have discovered a simple but wonderful herb which forms part of my proven balanced five-fold treatment of all forms of dangerous catarrh.

Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple, inexpensive and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief, no pay" principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

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"I have suffered a long time through catarrh and indigestion, etc., but now they have all vanished. Thanks for your treatment, and the Special Instructions they have worked wonderful." W. A., 14/7/37.

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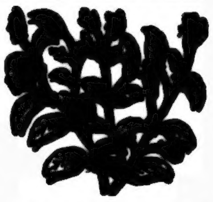

YOU HAVE CATARRH IF

Nose is blocked.
YOU HAVE HEAD NOISES.
YOUR HEARING IS FAILING.
Mucus drops in your throat.
You have loose cough.
Breathing difficult.
You catch cold easily.
Your breath is foul.
Your throat is sore.
YOU ARE SUBJECT TO HAY FEVER.
You get headache.
Your memory is failing.
You tire quickly.
Your tongue is coated.
You have pains after eating.
You are constipated.
You mouth-breathe.

BEWARE!

SEND FOR FREE TEST SAMPLE

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Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage. (Optional.)

NAME ....

ADDRESS .... *PIN 1½d. STAMP HERE*

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO. 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons Irish Hats and Novelties. Send for free bargain list.—"Unseeda," 70/72 Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

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THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/78, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address, or to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon on page 31.

FREE Furnishing Catalogue. — Fill in the coupon on p. 33, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, pianos, etc.

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CUT Your Grass with a Garden Scythe. You can obtain one for 2/6 by replying to the advt. of Messrs. Wm. Penn, Ltd., on page 3.

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AN instructive 80-page book on how to build strength and get renewed energy can be obtained post free and without obligation on application to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.3/2, 18, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1. See page 5.

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MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 64, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further partics. See advt. on p. 36.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PIONEER SALES, 12, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WINCHESTER.

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FREE.—Fennings' Every Mother's Book.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. See page 41

FREE.—If you value good sight get a copy of a 20-page book, "The Only Pair of Eyes in the World," which is full of interesting clues about the care of your eyes. Write now, while you think of it, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Optical Board of Publicity, 13, Cork Street, London, W.1, for free book. See page 31.

FREE GIFTS!—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.42, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, and a wonderful free booklet and voucher, worth 3 coupons, which will give you full particulars of offer. Write at once for free booklet. See p. 26.

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They will save you doctor's bills. Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

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"Vitality in a Nut"

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim, gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Fez Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

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CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

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IN the early hours of the morning, Mr. Henry Race, of 19, Kings Road, Harrogate, was found lying seriously injured in the yard outside his home, and shortly afterwards, despite everything that could be done for him, he died.

Behind this brief report lies a simple but tragic story. Mr. Race was a great lover of the fresh air, and when opening his bedroom window he leaned out and took deep breaths. Suddenly he overbalanced and fell.

Just a simple action! But how it goes to prove that even the home can harbour danger.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID FOR WIDOW.

Mr. Race was a Registered Reader of "John Bull" and to his widow "John Bull" has dispatched a cheque for £50, the Benefit provided under "John Bull's" great Free Family Insurance Gift for fatal home accidents.

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Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £739 18s. 0d. to registered readers or their dependants.

If you have not yet secured the protection of this unparalleled Security Gift—Safeguard yourself, your wife and your children, now. Fill up the Forms below for "John Bull's" unrivalled Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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FREE—The most fascinating BOOK ever written about "EYES"

"The Only Pair of Eyes in the World" is the title of the book which every reader of "John Bull" should have, and it's free! Get this book Now—it will tell you how to look after your sight, how to enjoy it and how to make it last. Simply send a postcard, mentioning "John Bull," to The Optical Board of Publicity, 12, Cork Street, London, W.1, for a free copy. See special announcement on p. 31.

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Like Thousands of Others He Found the 12 Minerals+6 Vitamins+ Food Iodine in "VIKELP" Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds, Build New Strength and Energy.

Read his actual letter . . .

"Gentlemen: I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous too. Even when I went to picnics in the summer I was ashamed to have my sleeves rolled up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lbs. and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen 'Vikelp' Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than thirty pounds. You don't know how much better I look and feel and how thankful I am for what 'Vikelp' Tablets have done for me, so I am going to thank 'Vikelp' Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me.—Yours truly, L.P., Curless."—Testimonial No. 5094.

99 times out of a 100 these dangerous run-down conditions are caused by lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system. "Vikelp" made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains the all-important Vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the 12 essential life-giving minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy and strength, rid yourself of stomach distress and add lbs. of firm flesh.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight where needed, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight normalising, absolutely free. No obligation. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 3/2, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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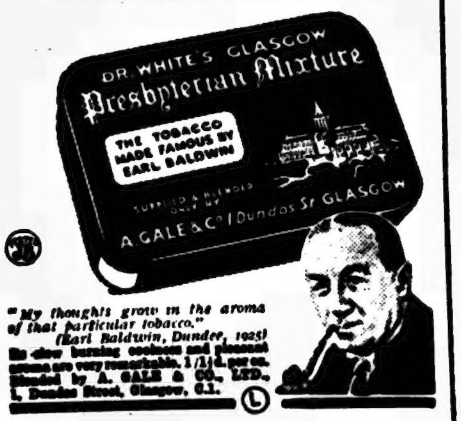
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STRAIGHT FROM

Your B
"Gold-
Blind N

SO £1,500,000,000 — coun noughts, for it's a bigg than it looks at first sigh pay for all our arms in armament years 1937-41!

The White Paper on Defence But it leaves doubts as to why.

Perhaps we can help.

Profits In Blood

Battleships are dearer by £7 a cool million pounds each if build 'em bigger than the Jap

Cruisers cost £250,000 more armaments are "up" in the portion.

And now the Government pour even more money into th fat pockets of the arms make "profits-in-blood" ramp is ex pages 22 and 23.

Steel Monopoly Se

The tariff on imported iron is to be reimposed within although no public declaration made.

We warn you that British are going to be given a virtual will be able to charge the G what prices they like.

And you know who pays.

And You Pay

Local authorities are alrea ing up £35,000,000 a year mo materials.

Try as they might to get lov invariably they can't. They hands of the rings.

Again, you know who pay

Miserable Mise

Yet what arrant miserline tised on your behalf!

Let us tell you about our the coast, a wickedly ineffici

But first we'll call up Huggett, of Northbourne bourne, who has done a bit work.

"Blind-Spot"

"A yacht struck a rock Head the other night," h "Mattresses and other t soaked in petrol and set ali

"Nothing was seen from and the crew had to swim

"And that's what's often round here."

Unseen Signa

This happened to him Going out by lifeboat one wreck he was asked by a shi clinging to the wreckage: " place is this? We've be everything since 2 a.m."

Nothing had been seen f

"When fishing boats are their signals all too often nised," sighs Reader Hugg

To One Rescue—

All because our niggard Trade, which runs the Cus is satisfied with 340 look-

JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday March 12, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Your Battleships are Costing More
"Gold-Diggers" to Lure Recruits
Blind Man's Buff on the Coast

So £1,500,000,000 — count those noughts, for it's a bigger figure than it looks at first sight—won't pay for all our arms in the rearmament years 1937-41!

The White Paper on Defence says so. But it leaves doubts as to why.

Perhaps we can help.

Profits in Blood

Battleships are dearer by £750,000—by a cool million pounds each if we try to build 'em bigger than the Japanese.

Cruisers cost £250,000 more. Other armaments are "up" in the same proportion.

And now the Government plans to pour even more money into the already fat pockets of the arms makers, whose "profits-in-blood" ramp is exposed on pages 22 and 23.

Steel Monopoly Soon

The tariff on imported iron and steel is to be reimposed within a month, although no public declaration has been made.

We warn you that British steel firms are going to be given a virtual monopoly; will be able to charge the Government what prices they like.

And you know who pays.

And You Pay

Local authorities are already stumping up £35,000,000 a year more for raw materials.

Try as they might to get lower tenders, invariably they can't. They are in the hands of the rings.

Again, you know who pays.

Miserable Misers

Yet what arrant miserliness is practised on your behalf!

Let us tell you about our watch on the coast, a wickedly inefficient affair.

But first we'll call upon Reader Huggett, of Northbourne Road, Eastbourne, who has done a bit of lifeboat work.

"Blind-Spot"

"A yacht struck a rock off Beachy Head the other night," he tells us. "Mattresses and other things were soaked in petrol and set alight.

"Nothing was seen from the coast, and the crew had to swim ashore.

"And that's what's often happening round here."

Unseen Signals

This happened to him personally: Going out by lifeboat one morning to a wreck he was asked by a shivering figure clinging to the wreckage: "What sort of place is this? We've been burning everything since 2 a.m."

Nothing had been seen from land.

"When fishing boats are in distress their signals all too often go unrecognised," sighs Reader Huggett.

To One Rescue—12s. 6d.

All because our niggardly Board of Trade, which runs the Customs service, is satisfied with 340 look-out men on duty at a time—for the whole coast of Britain!

It has a sort of Territorial service: rocket apparatus men who do a certain number of drills a year.

Some of them walked sixteen miles to the rescue with their apparatus recently, climbed five miles of rocks, carried out rescues all night—and got paid 12s. 6d. each.

Hymn of Hope

Do some of our Board of Trade bigwigs merely want to sing "For Those in Peril on the Sea" and leave it at that?

Joke of the Week

We find all that quite annoying enough for one week.

And then we go and read—in a review of Stock Exchange affairs—that "the markets, which were pleased with the national revenue figures, are now rather concerned about the increase in cost of old age and widows' pensions."

Wouldn't you enjoy improved social services that would give them an even worse fright?

Sirens for Soldiers

An "Old Contemptible" sends us this tit-bit:

Lieut.-Col. M. D. Molloy, commanding the 6th North Staffordshire Regiment, is offering cash bonuses to young women who bring recruits to his battalion. They hand over the lad and get a receipt for him!

Surely the Army wants men—not sheep!

Gold-Diggers' Own

Although our correspondent's facts are otherwise correct, he is merely joking when he says the bemused young recruits are to be put in a special squad with the name "Miss Gold-Digger's Own."

Fortunate Five

Anyhow, there happens to be truth in the following joke.

The housing shortage has been conquered—official news. But only at Arundel, Alsager, Grange, Aberayron and Newquay.

The joke consists of the Health Ministry's pride in something it ought to be downright ashamed of.

Unfortunate Families

Such news means one thing to us: That the housing shortage in every part of Britain except Arundel, Alsager, Grange, Aberayron and Newquay has not been conquered.

And that, for people on housing waiting lists that grow longer and longer, is no sort of a joke.

Cleaning-up "H.P."

Nothing is going to stop Miss Ellen Wilkinson's Bill to clean up the hire-purchase business—which has the support of all reputable hire-purchase firms.

M.P.s can help to relieve unbelievable distress by giving the Bill the quickest possible passage.

Forgotten Children

We have been hoping for a long time that Mr. Ernest Brown would relieve some very widespread distress with substantial unemployment concessions.

What he has conceded is extremely meagre, bearing in mind that £60,000,000 surplus of the Unemployment Fund.

Meagre? Why, for the unemployed man's children, who are surely worth studying, there isn't an added button.

Forsaken Wives

And let Mr. Brown help the deserted wives. There is an epidemic of wife desertion.

In some towns hundreds of women have become chargeable to the rates: their children, too.

The Ministry of Labour, asked to aid the search for the runaways with its system of insurance cards, hesitates.

But no right-minded person will complain if it agrees.

Pity These Patients

And the Ministry of Health should give us a committee of enquiry into the Health Insurance system.

To the countless criticisms we have made of it we can add the news that undue pressure has been put on doctors for "keeping patients on the panel for unreasonable periods."

Thousands of people find themselves signed-off when they are feeling far from recovered.

Illness Knows No Laws

We know of a woman sufferer from measles who, at the end of three weeks, found herself unable to walk more than a hundred yards.

She was told she would have to be signed-off. Three weeks' benefit only was allowed for measles cases. That was fixed by regulation.

You don't have to be a doctor to know that you can't fix the duration of an illness by regulation.

"In Default . ."

Unable to remain on benefit, and unable to return to work, hundreds of these sick people have been told they must go before a regional board.

Unable to do that either, they have been crossed off the panel "in default."

Still Waiting

Which reminds us of the thousands of people on waiting lists for operations in London hospitals and unable to get the attention they need.

Mr. John Higgins, of Markmanor Avenue, Walthamstow, tells us he applied for an operation four months ago. Making another enquiry recently, he learned he was still a thousand down the waiting list.

And these are days when National Fitness is the cry.

Poor Man's Plight

No, this country hasn't suddenly become a land of milk and honey.

Ask the Rev. G. Pollard, of the Manchester and Salford Mission, who works among slum residents rehoused on new estates.

They are worse off, he says, by 5s. or 6s. a week in rent and nearly as much in fares. And they are a goodly army the whole nation over.

Taking a Rake-off

Anyhow, there should be better days ahead for our fishermen, now that the Transport and General Workers' Union is tempting them into its fold.

One of them told us recently that he reckoned he and his mates got 4s. of every £2 a housewife paid for fish.

We bet the people who get the other £1 16s. never feel seasick.

When Sailors Do Care

Speaking of the sea, a number of men came to London recently to join a ship bound for a northern town. They paid their fares to London from their different towns

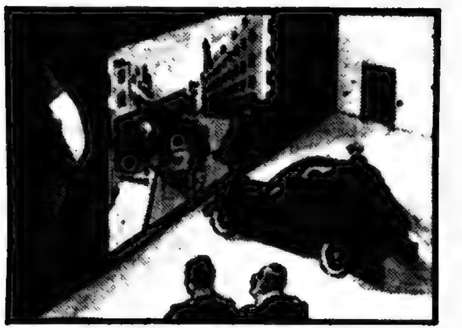
Shortly after sailing their ship was disabled—and they had to pay their fares home again.

The sea is said to be a hard master. And it isn't the only one.

Features You Should Read:

Pin-Money Husbands - - - - - p. 9
Torso—The Real Facts - - - - pp. 10 and 11
Can the 'Cat' Cure Crime? By A. G. G. p. 15
Pools Challenge. By Sir W. Childs - p. 19
Cannon Kings are Making Carnival - pp. 22 and 23
The Book of Bans - - - - - p. 32

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE



LEARNING to do the right thing is half the battle in motoring.

Why, then, shouldn't we develop the instincts of would-be motorists before they go on the road? My sketch will show how the cinema makes it possible.—W. J., 19, Railway Side, Church Street, West Smethwick, Staffs.

Many war-time airmen will remember being taught rudiments of flying in this way in Reading Town Hall, then part of No. 1 School of Aeronautics.

And That's That

I was taught at school that the earth travels through space at 19 miles a second—68,400 miles an hour. Why, then, can an airman leave a field, circle for twelve hours, and then land on an aerodrome that should be 820,000 miles away?—Richard Rows, 35, Jubilee Street, Toronto.

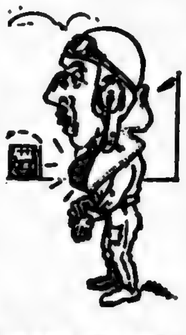
Because, fortunately for all of us, the earth persists in taking its atmosphere with it.

Old School Fly

Why does one have to have an old-school tie, a name like Tytherington Blurb-Blurb Booful, and an accent to become a pilot in the R.A.F.?

Because I am not a pukka fellow in Air Ministry eyes the chance of being a Bishop or a Ball will never come my way.—Clipped Wings, Peterborough.

Our reader's sketch and description are both gross caricatures of R.A.F. pilots — but his grumble at the air service not giving the elementary and secondary schoolboy his chance is one in which we share.

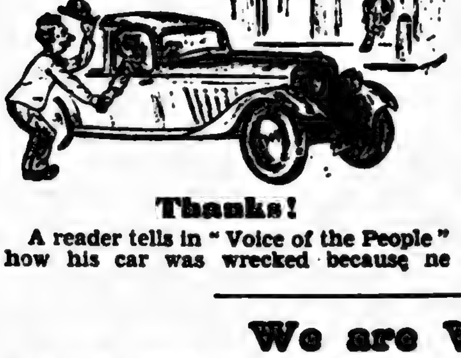


Spotting Fakes

Issuing so many new designs of sixpences, shillings, florins and other coins is simply playing into the hands of counterfeiters.

I handle money all day long and I become more and more puzzled as these new designs come along.—J. Turvey, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

"Feel a silver coin first. Counterfeit usually feels soapy. Then ring it. Next see whether it will break. Don't bother your head at all about design," says a bank manager.



Thanks!

A reader tells in "Voice of the People" how his car was wrecked because he obeyed an amateur, self-appointed traffic controller. That was tragic.

Funnier was what I saw and illustrate herewith:—An amateur controller who gave a motorist the all-clear and then, seeing the driver's hand come through the car window, seized it and shook it warmly.—Eddis Thomas, Park Slip Cottage, Aberkenfig, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

Since that earlier letter to which reader Thomas refers, many people have judged us to be ungrateful to these amateur controllers. We are not. Our counsel is that signals from somebody you don't know should be treated with caution.

Coloured Cash

Let the authorities print all Treasury notes some vivid colour. Then we'll be far less likely to throw them away or burn them by accident.—J. D., 25, Moreton Place, London, S.W.1.

And the counterfeiter will find it far more easy to imitate them.

Within the Law

On wet Sunday afternoons one or two friends call at my house for a game of cards.

We play for a few ha'pence—just enough to give a touch of excitement to the game. Thousands of families do that, surely.

But now, because an anonymous letter has been sent to the police, my house is being watched.—J. K., West Park Terrace, Dumfries.

Told exactly what happens, in such cases as this, and invited to say whether such play makes house a "gambling place within meaning of the Act," police are invariably ready to advise for enquirer's own good.

On facts given, they will probably say this is not gaming within meaning of the Act.

"Good Idea"—Official

There is only one way to discern danger spots on a road—that is to use that road regularly.

That being so, I, as a Birmingham omnibus driver, wonder why the Ministry of Transport doesn't co-operate with big public service concerns to get the views of the drivers on these death-traps.—J. A. Beal, 177, Beeches Road, Great Barr, Birmingham.

"First thought that comes into our mind is that this information of drivers would concern local surveyors primarily," says Ministry of Transport. "But that is just a quick opinion. We may say that the idea seems to us an excellent one and worthy of every consideration."

Roundabouts and Swings

Wanting a new rent book, I had a rueful look at the old one, discovered that in 1934 I paid 53 weekly rents.

As far as I can find out, however, I have never drawn 53 pay envelopes in a year.

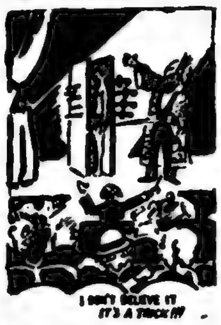
That extra week must have come from somewhere. Where?—G. T. S., Wheeler Street, Hockley, Birmingham 19.

As there were 53 Mondays in 1934 our reader presumably pays rent on Mondays. Assuming that he is paid on Saturdays, he will draw 53 wage envelopes this year and pay only 52 rents.

Unbelievers

I sat behind the young woman whose finger is outstretched in my drawing—heard her say excitedly: "I don't believe it. It's a trick."—A. W. Swann, 42, Colegrave Street, Lincoln.

Magicians are finding it harder and harder to get engagements because of this "don't believe it" attitude. Present-day youngsters are apt to pooh-pooh magic.



Playboys at Large

A friend of mine saved money as a manservant in America and returned to England to attend to a peer. Having spent his money settling his lordship's bills and loaning the honourable gentleman money for his West End excesses, he finished up by pawning all his personal possessions.

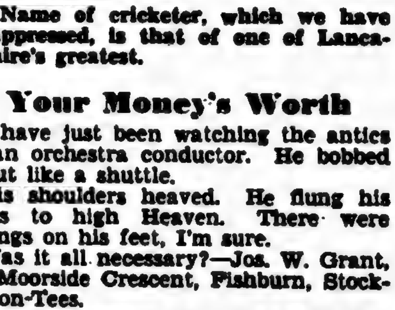
Now, everything gone, he is out on his neck—and no hope of help from unemployment insurance.—Charles McGarry, 35, Lillington Street, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

This, with confirmatory details, is one of many letters we have received substantiating our recent "Playboys of Mayfair" article.

Good Turn

Electric washing? We know something more labour-saving.

We bought a mangle from one of Britain's greatest cricketers and now, as my drawing shows, all the school friends of our two sons are anxious to do the turning!—G. A. B., The Thorns, Frankby, Upton, Wirral.



Name of cricketer, which we have suppressed, is that of one of Lancashire's greatest.

Your Money's Worth

I have just been watching the antics of an orchestra conductor. He bobbed about like a shuttle.

His shoulders heaved. He flung his arms to high Heaven. There were springs on his feet, I'm sure.

Was it all necessary?—Jos. W. Grant, 17, Moorside Crescent, Fishburn, Stockton-on-Tees.

Said drummer in a leading jazz orchestra: "If our leader dropped dead during a piece we wouldn't notice it till pay-day—and that's true of most. But surely the antics your reader complains about add to the entertainment?"

Die-Hards

When I want a shirt I have to give the size of my collar. It doesn't matter that a little man might have a bull neck or a big man a thin neck—it's the collar that matters.

Why don't manufacturers consider the lengths of our backs and arms, the breadth of our shoulders and so on? They make me look like a bell tent.—Ernest Roome, "Highfields," 32, Denby Village, Derby.

By paying the price a man can be sure of getting ready-made shirts that fit. Nevertheless an outfitter tells us that majority of shirt-makers are very old-fashioned, can't be dissuaded from fastening new shirts with 13 tiny pins known to trade as "Lillis" (i.e., Lilliputians).

We are Waiting . . .

to publish your letter on this page. We pay 10s. 6d. for each one published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communication to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner	Page 15
Sir Wyndham Childs	Page 17
Human Documents	Page 30
Greatest of These—	Page 34
True Story	Page 36

"DO YOU KNOW?" DEPARTMENT

How to wake up?

If you still feel drowsy when the alarm clock has finished ringing, wiggle your toes for a minute.

That'll wake you. A lot of early risers do it. It makes me want to leap out of bed.—Mrs. E. Airey, 5, Newborough Avenue, Liverpool, 15.

Why roads are high?

Dressing a road with tarmac entails three layers of stone, raises its surface ten inches. Main arterial roads have to be done frequently.

That being so, the roads of Britain should tower high in the air fifty years hence. A fanciful idea?

Well, roadwork is my job, and I'd like everyone to see the "high"-road that has grown on Watling Street, three miles from Rugby wireless station.—J. W. E. Mason, 16, Campbell Lane, Bilton Hill, Rugby, Warwickshire.

When writers are wrong?

Novelists and dramatists make the signalman put the signals at danger before he collapses.

Nonsense. He has to "accept" a train—and no signalman can "accept" unless alive and active.

In fact, it is a common saying among railwaymen here: "A dead signalman is safer than a live one."—H. H. Dutton, 96, Richmond Grove, Crewe.

When gas-masks fail?

Surprise of a recent air raids precaution meeting I attended was the news that the new gas masks are useless against coal gas.—William R. Stewart, 12, Buchanan Street, Edinburgh.

You can't see steam?

You can't see steam! Experience in a condensing works teaches me that a lot of scalding accidents are due to that fact.

You see it at the moment when it is condensing and ceasing to be steam.—D. H., Sheffield.

Price of War?

Cost of the last war would have provided houses, furniture and five acres of land to every family in America, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia and Germany, leaving a million pound library and two million pound university for each town of 20,000—and a balance of one thousand million pounds for other work.

My authority: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.—John K. Houston, 4, Knowe Terrace, Inverkeithing, Fife.

How to find water?

Water-divining? Easy if you have the gift—and an enormous number have it without knowing it.

Take a stout piece of fencing wire bent to form a Y and, holding it by the two arms so that the tail points slightly upwards, walk over a spring.

You should feel a slight downward pull—but not over open water.—John Lindsay, 10, Knab Road, Lerwick.

What's in a name?

Have you noticed that the initials of the four leading dictators, Stalin, Hitler, Ataturk and Mussolini, spell SHAM?—Samuel Marks, 11, Sandown Terrace, Liverpool.

Why Bill Stevens—

Pin-Money Husband

—stole 2/5½d.

Bill Stevens' wife gave him 10s. a week, plus 7½d. for his fare on Saturday. This was what he spent:—

	s.	d.
Return fare (7½d. per day) ...	3	9
Midday meals (5 at 10d.)	4	2
Tobacco (two ounces)	1	6
Daily papers	0	6
Drinks (5 half-pints of beer at 4d.)	1	8
Cinema with wife (once weekly)	1	6
Total	13	1

Weekly debit, 2s. 5½d.

ARE you a pin-money husband?

You are if you—

Hand over your wage packet unopened to your wife every Friday and have an allowance doled out to you for lunches, fares, tobacco and other daily expenses.

Surprising how many pin-money husbands there are.

Even men earning £2,000 a year have been known to adopt this method of domestic finance.

In principle their reason for doing so is the same as that of the £2 10s. a week working man.

They want to dodge the responsibility of managing their own money—though they can handle a firm's finances expertly.

But, in the case of the working man, it is often a matter of necessity—the only way in which a family can make ends meet.

Schooled to value every penny, the wife is less likely to indulge in those occasional little extravagances that may carry the family over the narrow margin of security into want and debt.

Now I am an accountant, and mostly I deal with dry-as-dust figures.

But sometimes figures lead me on the trail of human problems—and one of the greatest I have discovered is the problem of the pin-money husband.

Not long ago I had to investigate a shortage in the petty cash of a small textile firm.

It was about £3, and had been pilfered at the rate of about half-a-crown a week over six months.

The methods used were crude, and it was easy to narrow the thefts down to two employees.

★

One was a ledger clerk earning £3 10s. a week, the other a commissionaire earning £3 5s.

Fortunately, their employer is a kindly man. Among his workers he has a reputation for being soft-hearted and responsive to any sob-story.

"I am not going to sack these two men," he told me. "They've been with me since they were lads.

"What I want to know is why they stole the money. If either is in real difficulties, I'll help him. But I won't be cheated.

"You're a stranger, and you may be able to get the straight facts without the sentiment. You talk to them."

So I rang for the ledger clerk. We'll call him Bill Stevens

As soon as he entered the room I knew he was a pin-money husband.

There was something about him—lack of self-confidence, an air of indecision—that stamped him as a man who let his wife rule his wage packet.

Perhaps if he had been strong enough to accept that responsibility he would not have been a ledger clerk earning £3 10s. a week.

I had to be a little curt—but that was in his own interest and the interest of his employer.

Anyhow, I got the facts—without the sentiment.

Here is his story, just as he told it:—

"There are four of us—my wife and I, a boy of six and a girl of four," said Bill Stevens.

"My wife takes £3 a week for all household expenses, including the rent—we are buying our home through a building society.

"She gives me back the odd ten shillings for my expenses at two shillings a day, which she leaves on the corner of the sitting-room mantelpiece every morning.

"On Saturday, I only get my fare—sevenpence-halfpenny—for then I'm home to lunch. On Sunday, I get nothing, for I'm at home all day. We adopted this arrangement soon after we married.

"My wife said it would relieve me of unnecessary worry if she paid the bills and managed the money.

"Her idea was that I should be able to concentrate on doing my work well and winning promotion, and I agreed with her.

"Bless her, she has kept her part of the bargain. We have neither been in debt nor wanted good food and home comforts.

"Unfortunately, she has made it impossible for me to keep my side of the bargain.

"Economise as I might, I could not make ends meet on ten shillings a week.

"When I had spent sevenpence-halfpenny on my fare and tenpence on my lunch, I had only a few coppers left each day for anything that might come along, and for our Saturday night treat at the pictures.

"Ten shillings out of £3 10s. seems a lot of spending money—a lot if you say it quickly!

"But what my wife never seems to understand is that things happen unexpectedly—like meeting a friend who wants to yarn about old times over a pint. And a pint costs eightpence!

★

"Or else one of the kiddies will ask for a copper or two. There's something humiliating about telling your children they must ask mother if they want any money.

"Once I mentioned to my wife that my allowance was not enough. She gave me an extra shilling, but firmly refused to alter our arrangement.

"It was the only way to keep out of debt, she said, and besides she had been handling my pay packet so long I believe she felt somehow as if it were her own.

"Well, I didn't ask her again. No man likes asking for his own money. Then, in a black moment, I was tempted and fell. There was the firm's petty cash, and I had access to it.

"So I borrowed half-a-crown. I was able to put it back the next Friday.

"Next week I took another half-crown, but when the time came to repay the amount I found I couldn't.

"I daren't tell my wife, but I did try to persuade her to give me a couple of days' allowance.

"'No, dear,' she said, 'you must keep to your daily allowance. It's the only way to keep straight.'

"One day I worked out my weekly expenditure. The total was 13s. 1d. Yet I was only getting 10s. a week—to be exact 10s. 7½d., including the Saturday fare.

"So, you see, I was consistently overspending.

"Well, I kept dipping into the petty cash, taking sixpence here and a shilling there, and always hoping to pay back.

"I hated cheating the boss, but somehow there didn't seem any other way."

Much the same kind of story was told by the commissionaire. Just a difference of a few coppers in the amounts spent and pilfered.

After a talk with the employer, we decided to interview the men's wives—of course, without their husbands' knowledge.

This was not so high-handed as it seems, for the firm was run almost like a family, and besides we genuinely wanted to help.

Both women were astonished when they learned that because of the pin-money system their husbands had been forced to steal paltry sums.

"My husband has eight shillings a week, and I would have tried to give him more, but I can't see how I could have managed at home," said the commissionaire's wife.

"I have £2 14s. a week to pay rent, rates and housekeeping after three shillings a week is sent to my mother-in-law, who is a widow and an invalid.

"Four shillings is set aside for things like doctors' bills, insurance, and extras for the three children who are at school. It isn't enough.

"Rent is fourteen shillings a week. So I have £1 16s. for food, fuel, light and clothing for five of us.

"That's why my husband must have a fixed weekly allowance. It's the same with everyone in our class.

"And, anyway, I manage the money better than he could. Men aren't so careful as women, and we can't afford to spend even a copper or two carelessly."

Well, I am pleased to say that their employer took a broad-minded view, with the result that both men kept their jobs and were each given a few shillings extra—on condition the money was used for their own expenses and not for the household budget.

★

All this happened in the south of England.

Next time I travelled north I made enquiries to see if the sturdy, independent men of Lancashire and Yorkshire were pin-money husbands, too.

From the directors of one of the largest passenger transport services in the country, I learned that friendly questions on the same subject had been asked among their drivers, conductors and garage staffs.

Eighty-nine per cent. of the married men employed by the company in three counties and twenty-seven towns, who earned £4 a week, or less, were doled out daily allowances by their wives.

In Lancashire it is quite common for wives to buy their husbands' tobacco and hand them a daily ration, deducting the cost from the weekly pin-money.

But the most remarkable development of the system was in the woollen towns of Yorkshire.

There, publicans supply beer on credit to married men up to a pre-arranged amount.

And on Saturday mornings the wives come round and pay the bill

If the landlord has supplied more than the stipulated quantity of beer during the week, he has to try to recover the extra money from the husband—or bear the loss!

These transactions are, of course, illegal, but the method seems to work happily enough.

An interesting business is this problem of the pin-money husband, and it points a strong moral.

"It's the same with everyone in our class," said the commissionaire's wife.

Her husband didn't like having his money doled out to him, and neither do many thousands more.

But, until wages generally more closely approximate to their real needs, only at the price of humiliation can they make ends meet.

People in the Case

Captain **WILLIAM BERNARD BUTT**, *aged 50, formerly of the Worcestershire Regiment, who is thought to be the victim of the crime. Definite proof, however, is still lacking.*

BRYAN SULLIVAN, *aged 27, dance partner, found gassed at Tower Lodge, Cheltenham.*

Mrs. **SULLIVAN**, *mother of Bryan Sullivan and nurse to Captain Butt's wife, who is an invalid.*

CHIEF DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR WORTH, *sent by Scotland Yard to aid the local police.*

TORSO

WHILE I am writing the police are up against a blank wall in the Cheltenham Torso Mystery.

I have spent some time on the spot to see for myself what is, and is not, happening.

At the moment there are two riddles to be solved:

(1) The identity of a man's dismembered body from the River Severn.

(2) The suicide of Bryan Sullivan, once a dance partner at a London hotel, in his home, Tower Lodge, Cheltenham.

Yet, whatever the answer given to these twin mysteries, the public should be enlightened on police difficulties and made aware of certain facts.

On February 3, 24 days after bloodstains had been found on Haw Bridge over the Severn, the Gloucester County Police called in Scotland Yard.

Early that morning the trunk of a man was recovered by salmon-fishers from the Severn near Haw Bridge, not far from Cheltenham.

Chief Detective-Inspector Percy Worth and Sergeant Shrewry were sent from London to help the local police.

This was the first important out-of-town job of Mr. Worth, after his appointment to the rank of chief detective-inspector.

★ ★ ★

Now people are asking: "Why no results? Why no official statement to explain the position of the police?"

They have really nothing to show except expense.

The public remembered the remains of bodies found in a ravine at Moffat, Scotland, and the intricate trail of detective work which led to the conviction of Dr. Buck Ruxton, two years ago, at Lancashire Assizes.

Is it possible that the police of Lancaster, Scotland, and the pathologists of the Scottish universities could gain quicker results in a similar case than Scotland Yard, the Gloucester police, and the London medical experts?

Such comparison, I hope to show, is unfair—but why is it unfair?

First, there was the wrong conclusion—quite understandable—over bloodstains found on Haw Bridge on January 10.

An announcement was made by the local police, after careful enquiry, that in their opinion these bloodstains were "not human."

As a result of this conclusion the river was not dragged at that time.

Yet there is no reasonable doubt that the torso and other parts of the mutilated body of a man were flung from Haw Bridge early on January 10. Evidence proves it fully.

Such a time lapse was probably unfortunate. Not until the dismembered body was discovered on February 3 were the police able to begin their work to identify the dead man and trace his murderer.

For remember this:

Between January 10 and February 3 individuals who may be involved in a murder charge have had time to cover their tracks.

Meanwhile, the swift-running Severn could carry the smaller parts of the body—the head and hands, by which identification could be made—miles from Haw Bridge, if they were also thrown into the river.

If systematic dredging of the river-bed had been started on January 10 so much more would have been brought to the surface.

When Chief Detective-Inspector Worth went to Cheltenham some difficulty arose over continuous and prolonged dragging of the river. Was the cost to come from the Gloucester county funds, or would Scotland Yard pay?

It was an issue which needed reference to higher authority.

Rather unfortunately, newspaper representatives sent to Cheltenham to cover the "story" have resented the attitude of Mr. Worth towards them.

No reason at all why he should supply any information to them, and he has not done so.

Reporters on a crime story can be of material aid to the police, or they can do a great deal of harm.

That newspaper-men have unwittingly hampered the police on this torso mystery seems undoubted.

Indeed, they made themselves such nuisances that a notice was posted at the Cheltenham Police Station forbidding them entrance without permission.

In their own minds the police are satisfied that the dismembered body is that of Captain William Bernard Butt, a retired Army officer, of Bath Road, Cheltenham.

Captain Butt employed the mother of Bryan Sullivan, the suicide, as nurse to his wife.

But, although he knew Sullivan well, there was apparently never any close association between the two men.

★ ★ ★

After the police received information which connected the death of Sullivan with the torso mystery, they began digging and searching at Tower Lodge.

They found a complete week-end kit of clothes belonging to Captain Butt, the registration book of his car, and a garage ticket for the car.

Butt left his home on January 4. He left his car at a Cheltenham garage the same evening, saying he would return in three days. He was seen in the district up to January 9, *but not after that date*. Therefore, it was imperative that all his movements should be traced.

When the police first issued a request for information about Captain Butt, a most inexcusable mistake was made.

He was described even in the official *Police Gazette*, which covers the whole of Britain, as having a military moustache—although he was clean-shaven, and had been for years.

Talks with relatives must have enabled the police to circulate an accurate description of the missing man—yet an inaccurate description, later amended, was given out.

It is impossible at this stage to estimate how much vital information may have been lost because of this error.

Comments have been made openly in Cheltenham concerning the treatment of Mrs. Sullivan, mother of Bryan Sullivan.

People say that if she was under suspicion she could not have been more carefully watched by the police.

These are the facts:

For weeks on end a plain-clothes man has been on duty at the house in Bath Road, where she acts as nurse to Mrs. Butt.

A policewoman has slept at the house. Telephone calls for Mrs. Sullivan have been always answered by the police.

Letters to her are passed on by the police.

When she has gone shopping or for a walk a policeman has been at her elbow.

During the inquest on her son she gave the fullest evidence, and the Court expressed its sympathy.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Sullivan herself asked for police protection. It was essential in the interests of justice that she should be guarded.

There is not the slightest doubt that any police officer—faced with the problems of Mr. Percy Worth—would have directed a protection to be kept over the house in Bath Road.

Criticism on this feature is simply ill-considered.

The police must obviously take precautions of this kind in an important criminal case.

Yet such criticism may well have

Dates in the Case

Jan. 4:	**Captain Butt drove away from his home in Bath Road, Cheltenham, saying he was going to his club, left his car in a local garage—and vanished.**
Jan. 10:	**Bloodstains discovered on Haw Bridge, also a man's shoe, overcoat-belt and glove. Later it was officially denied that the stains were of human blood.**
Jan. 24:	**Sullivan's suicide found by his mother. Paper in his possession was dated January 16—and this is thought to be day of his death.**
Feb. 3:	**Torso dredged up in fishermen's nets near Haw Bridge. Scotland Yard called in to aid local police.**
Feb. 6:	**Mutilated arm and .22 rifle found near bridge by diver.**
Feb. 7:	**Police began digging at Tower Lodge.**
Feb. 8:	**Captain Butt's overcoat found buried in 6-ft. "grave" at the Lodge. Two legs recovered from the Severn.**
Feb. 9:	**Police issued photograph of Captain Butt, appeal for information concerning his whereabouts.**

Places in the Case

HAW BRIDGE, *over the Severn, seven miles from Cheltenham, where bloodstains were found.*

TOWER LODGE, *Sullivan's home, where clothes belonging to Captain Butt were found*

BANK OF SEVERN, *near Haw Bridge, where torso of a man, weighted with bricks, was dragged up by salmon fishermen.*

DIVER *at work near the bridge, where an arm, two legs and a .22 gun, like those used in shooting ranges, were ultimately recovered.*

CRIME

The Real Facts

by Stanley Bishop

affected adversely the minds of people who possibly could help the police.

Now turn from these incidents to other phases of the police difficulties in this baffling mystery.

During the earlier days of the investigation, the police were almost ready to accept the theory that Captain Butt was murdered by Bryan Sullivan, and that he cut up the body unaided, and endeavoured to hide the remains in the river.

* * *

Fearing discovery when the bloodstains were found on Haw Bridge, he took his life.

If that theory had been borne out the case would have been a simple one—murder, and the suicide of the murderer.

On the face of it, a satisfactory explanation.

But the motive for Sullivan killing Butt would have remained speculative.

What was the motive? As I have said the two men, so far as is known, had little in common.

One possible motive for Sullivan killing Butt has been discussed. It involves securing the control of money, and is quite logical, although entirely speculative, unsupported by evidence except Sullivan's mean and grabbing disposition.

There is no substance behind the hint of perversion as causing a storm of homicidal passion.

Still, the motive in many sensational murder cases has never been accurately assessed, for it lies hidden in the mind of the murderer.

Before long, however, a great deal of information was gathered which made this simple and "comfortable" murder and suicide theory untenable.

Sullivan's disposition was such that he could not have acted unaided in such a gruesome crime.

Then there was the all-important time of his suicide. According to all evidence he did not take his life *until January* 16. A newspaper in his possession—found after his death—bore that date.

By January 13 the scare of the bloodstains and other finds—a man's shoe, a glove and the belt of an overcoat—at Haw Bridge was allayed.

For an announcement was made that the blood was not human, and probably came from the carcase of an animal which had been thrown into the river.

So, if Sullivan was frightened by the discoveries at the bridge on January 10, his fears would have passed by the 16th.

Then there enters the problem of a third man.

* * *

Other witnesses came forward to establish, beyond any question, that two men were in the motor-car at Haw Bridge in the early morning hours of January 10, when the weighted, dismembered portions of a man's body were lowered into the river.

Consequently, the problem before the police became much more complex.

Behind the torso mystery and the suicide of Sullivan lay something very, very much more mysterious.

Also, failing the discovery of a head, proof was still lacking that the body was Captain Butt's.

That doubt is small, but it must remain until definite identification is made.

Curious that in all the dismembered body mysteries of recent years—Brighton Trunk Case No. 1; the body in the canal at Brentford, Middlesex, and the Ruxton case—the heads of the victims have never been discovered.

Possibly the heads were burned—a not too difficult task.

Always, too, there is the doubt—faint but still a doubt—that Sullivan had anything directly to do with the Haw Bridge torso, or the disappearance of Captain Butt, and that his suicide was due to some entirely independent cause.

Personally, I have no doubt that Bryan Sullivan did have a share in the torso crime, but only as an accessory, and that he was driven to his death by the nightmare memories of what he saw.

Suggestions that Sullivan did not commit suicide, but was drugged into insensibility and then murdered by coal-gas poisoning may be dismissed.

* * *

They are ruled out by the suicide note in his handwriting. Unless, of course, it should transpire that he wrote the letter under duress of a third party and was then murdered.

Sullivan may have left *two suicide letters*, before he cut the gas-pipe under the torn-up floors of his bedroom.

One, in general terms—"Please keep my darling mother who has always done her best for me. . . ."

The other was deliberately destroyed by a man who entered Tower Lodge after Sullivan's death on January 16, and before Mrs. Sullivan discovered her son on January 24.

It seems inconceivable that Sullivan—devoted as he was to his mother—should not have left her a last message.

That message told what he knew; what he had done; what he had seen.

But it involved someone else—the murderer, the man who tried to hide all trace of his crime.

It would have been easy for anyone to enter Tower Lodge after Sullivan's death. The back-door of the little house was not locked.

I am convinced that the solution of the torso mystery lies in the missing suicide note written by this dance-hall gigolo to the only one he really loved—his mother.

Another hindrance to the police has been the impossibility of locating the place where the body was hacked to pieces.

If this was done at Tower Lodge—the most ready explanation—then the horrible work was carried out in such a way as to leave no signs.

Practically certain that one person alone could not have managed with such absolute thoroughness. During the searches carried out in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham in the hope of finding the missing portions of the body, one or two curious things have happened.

There is a Cheltenham resident who mourns the loss of a fine and valuable collection of water lily plants.

Lately he stocked an ornamental pool with these lilies, but police necessity takes no consideration of lilies. That pond had to be dragged.

So efficiently was the work done that the plants were ruined. Now the question arises whether compensation for water lily destruction is a fair charge against police expenditure in a murder hunt.

Suggestions have been made by amateur investigators that the body of Bryan Sullivan should be exhumed.

For what purpose this cry is raised is not clear.

That it was the body of Bryan Sullivan in the gas-filled bedroom of Tower Lodge is beyond question. It was identified by Mrs. Sullivan, and seen by at least two other people who were well acquainted with the man.

Cause of death established by post-mortem examination was gas poisoning.

* * *

Had there been the slightest need for an exhumation to assist the police, it would have been immediately ordered by the coroner.

From every aspect this mystery is the most complex and baffling of the century.

Because so much of the police knowledge is negative. What they *know with certainty* amounts to very little. They are working in a fog which may have been deliberately, cunningly created by the mind which planned the whole grim business.

Suspicions the police have in plenty, but the facts which would bind the suspicions into reality are lacking.

And the third figure—the second man in the car at Haw Bridge; the man who entered Tower Lodge after Sullivan died—is no more than a shadow personality vaguely described.

Not a single clue points to his identity. He is hidden in the fog.

Often we speak of the "perfect crime." In murder the "perfect crime" must be essentially undiscovered, unsuspected.

But, allowing for the accident of discovery, this amazing mystery comes near to being a "perfect crime."

History is made at night

GIRL GUIDE GETS AMBULANCE BADGE THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TEST

With deft hands she gave the correct treatment—and the badge was hers. *It was nightly Bourn-vita that made her self-confident and clear-headed. It will do the same for* YOU.

The night is more important than the day. *And when Bourn-vita looks after the night, the day will look after itself.*

'You worked hard for that' said Captain. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that made her so confident, clear-headed — paved the way to success.

It's one thing to know your subject, and quite another to remember it when the actual exam. comes. But *her* success had been won *the night before*—when a cup of Bourn-vita brought her sound, restoring sleep. For the qualities that breed success—confidence, clear-thinking, abundant energy—all depend on sleep.

THE DEEP SLEEP SECRET

Not *long* sleep but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters. That's the sleep that a bed-time cup of Bourn-vita gives you — soothing nerves, mind and body, building up resistance to ills and chills, and bringing new life for to-morrow.

She's a BOURN-VITA WINTER-PROOFED GIRL. *No coughs or colds for her.* YOU *can be winter-proofed too, if you drink Bourn-vita every night.*

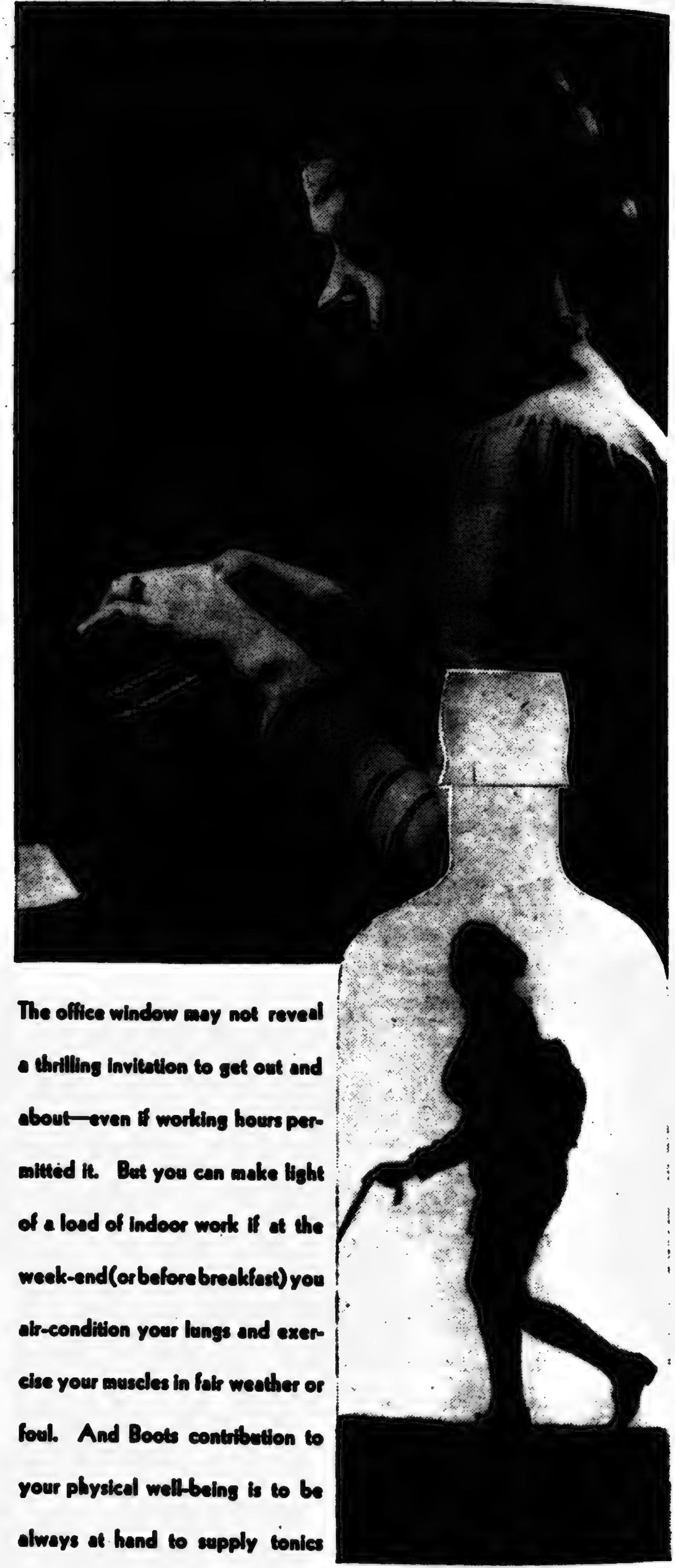
9ᴰ PER ¼ LB.	1/5 PER ½ LB.

THE IDEAL
FOOD DRINK
CADBURY
¼ LB.

BOURN·VITA *to-night*

makes to-morrow just right

BOOTS GUIDE TO WINTER HEALTH



The office window may not reveal a thrilling invitation to get out and about—even if working hours permitted it. But you can make light of a load of indoor work if at the week-end (or before breakfast) you air-condition your lungs and exercise your muscles in fair weather or foul. And Boots contribution to your physical well-being is to be always at hand to supply tonics and correctives (which our climate sometimes make necessary) in fresh condition and at a reasonable price.

SOME EXAMPLES OF VALUE AT BOOTS:

Aspirin Tablets (gr. 5)

1d.	per tube	of 5.
2d.	per tube	of 12.
4d.	per bottle	of 25.
7d.	per bottle	of 50.
1/-	per bottle	of 100.

Malt Extract with Halibut Liver Oil

1/3	per	1 lb.	jar.
2/3	per	2 lb.	jar.
4/3	per	4 lb.	jar.
7/-	per	7 lb.	jar.

YOU CAN RELY ON The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

CVS—106

Without Fear or Favour

Britain's Worse Muddle

THICK and fast come ideas for easing Britain's most costly, dangerous and maddening muddle—traffic congestion.

Latest is the officially sponsored plan for a sixty-mile long "motors only" road through Lancashire, a road from which pedestrians and cyclists would be barred.

It would not only speed-up traffic, but reduce accidents in the choked Lancashire towns, and for that reason deserves support of all road users.

Then there's the scheme, proposed by an engineer at a safety conference, for great overhead ways spanning London from north to south and east to west.

Cost? That has not been worked out, but put it down at a few hundred millions.

Much cheaper is the plan to close all central London except to 'buses, taxis and those private motorists requiring cars for business reasons and willing to pay an extra £5 a year for a special licence.

But when you read of ideas to relieve London's congestion, remember that similar problems exist on a smaller scale in all provincial towns.

In other words, the subject is a national one.

But there is no national plan for dealing with traffic problems. No decision, even, about which ideas shall be adopted and which confined to the waste-paper basket. All we get are piecemeal experiments.

Time our authorities realised that traffic congestion costs us millions of pounds a year—and many, many lives.

Do We Deserve Colonies?

Does Britain always deserve to keep her Colonies? Can we honestly say that Germany is too uncivilised to be given back her overseas possessions while we allow cruelty and injustice in our own?

People are beginning to ask those questions, and you can't give them a comforting answer

Particularly uncomfortable was the Government's attitude during last week's Parliamentary debate on the Trinidad riots.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner told you a month ago of the facts behind those riots—of scandalous wages, housing and food from which the native workers have long suffered.

"Economic slavery" was a phrase used by Trinidad's Colonial Secretary; "malnutrition and deficiency diseases" were found to be prevalent by the Commission of Enquiry.

Yet the Government has the cowardice to shelter behind the Governor it has removed from office; it seeks to blame the whole trouble on his handling of the fatal riots which eventually swept across the island colony!

The more we look round the Empire, indeed, the more does it seem essential that the nation should be fully informed about its Colonial Empire.

Trinidad is not the only colony that needs a new broom.

Sickly "Keep Fit" Campaign

Birmingham has just witnessed a miracle—the first "Keep Fit" demonstration held by a local authority!

Otherwise, the six-month old national campaign might be reckoned as dying. For the blowing of trumpets by Cabinet Ministers and pretty pictures of handsome athletes do not seem to be converting us into an A1 nation.

Why should they?

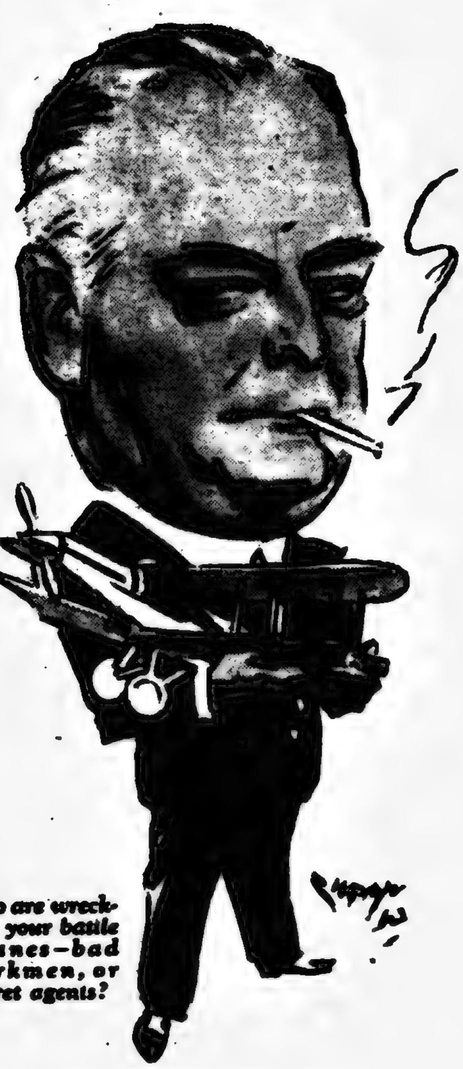
It is hopeless to develop perfect physique among young people who are undernourished. The display of muscles on the hoardings will not help unemployed men to become gladiators overnight.

The much-vaunted school milk scheme is non-existent in many districts, inadequate in others.

Yet we have resources to make our race the healthiest in the world. They are not being used; nor is there any indication that the £2,000,000 voted for the campaign, and the appointment of innumerable committees of elderly men (one of whom has died at a "Keep Fit" meeting!) will do much to change C3 into A1.

That is why the first actual demonstration at Birmingham must be accounted a miracle.

OPEN LETTERS



Who are wrecking your battle 'planes—bad workmen, or secret agents?

Mr. CHARLES RICHARD FAIREY,
Chairman, Fairey Aviation Company

DEAR MR. FAIREY,—Once more your name is in the news, though I wish it were for a happier reason than the recent outbreak of sabotage.

Two of your battle machines—fast-medium bombers—have been found to be maliciously damaged by holes in the petrol tanks.

And this is only the latest development in a sequence of queer mishaps to 'planes at the Ringway Airport, Manchester, over a period of four months.

They may be the work of malcontents. But, for all we know, they may be inspired by agents in the employ of a foreign Power.

Because, you know, there have been many cases of sabotage elsewhere—particularly in the dockyards where our new battleships are being built, as well as aeroplane factories.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Essex Education Committee

GENTLEMEN,—It will be monstrous if school authorities everywhere do not imitate your rather belated response to parents' complaints.

You are not only banning homework for elementary schoolchildren under twelve, but stopping the "cramming" of children for examinations.

The latter, of course, will give all youngsters equal opportunity for winning scholarships, since extra tuition for special candidates will now be made impossible.

I know from my postbag how strongly such favouritism is resented by poor parents—justly so.

I know, also, that the health of innumerable young people has been ruined by intensive homework—by "swotting" when they should be resting or playing.

Homework is being stopped here and there. I like to think that my long campaign is responsible for focusing official attention on its evils.

Cramming, too, must go. Even a dull child can pass an examination if it is specially coached, so that the examination proves no test of real ability.

Our whole school system, in fact, needs a drastic spring-cleaning.

And no time could be more appropriate for that than the present.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. EUAN WALLACE,
Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—While you are twiddling your thumbs, small people are being robbed of their savings.

An undischarged bankrupt, forbidden by law to run even a sweet shop of his own, managed a property society in which investors are estimated to have lost £28,500. So you admit.

Week after week I receive heartbreaking accounts of how poor, unsuspecting people have been deprived of their modest capital by so-called property and "friendly" societies.

You cannot blame these people. They are induced to sink their life's savings in worthless enterprises by a great show of prosperity in which the names of "guinea-pig" titled directors often play a large part.

Many of them, moreover, cannot believe that mushroom concerns that have no chance of success are allowed to be started owing to a lax and muddled law.

To each new crash, the same old statement is trotted out by your Department: "We have legislation under urgent consideration."

Why not make it really urgent?—JOHN BULL.

The UNKNOWN MAN or WOMAN,
Somewhere near Downing Street

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—You would baffle even Sherlock Holmes. As elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel, as unseen as Mr. Wells' Invisible Man, as mysterious as the late Sir Basil Zaharoff—you deserve every line of the publicity which the newspapers have given you.

Even the Prime Minister does not know who you are, though you supplied him with important information just before Mr. Eden's resignation.

He only "guessed" at your identity! He did not try to penetrate your disguise or to doubt the accuracy of your information.

Evidently you are a personage of importance, a man—perhaps even a woman—whose actions are as far above suspicion as those of Cæsar's wife.

I congratulate you on presenting us with the biggest diplomatic puzzle this country has had for years.

But I hope your voico will never again titillate the ears of our Prime Ministers. A democracy should rely upon open diplomacy, not on mysterious voices from people who, like burglars and fairies, are too shy to reveal their names.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL,
West London Magistrate

DEAR SIR GERVAIS,—There seems no reason why divorce actions should not be brought, as you suggest, in the police courts. Such a change would indeed be "an enormous advantage."

I do not want to make divorce too cheap or too easy. But plainly the scales of justice are weighted against the middle-class folk who are living in married misery.

For people who do not possess more than £50, or do not earn more than £2 a week, Poor Persons' certificates are obtainable. Otherwise, except in a few special cases, divorce proves a costly business.

Moreover, police court divorce would greatly reduce the present delay of a year or so between the beginning of a case and the actual hearing.

As you point out, the issues tried are practically the same as in the case of separation, so it cannot be argued that stipendiary magistrates are not competent to deal with them.

And, now that matrimonial disputes are heard in private, there can be no valid objection to the reform you propose.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. G. C. ANDERSON,
British Medical Association

DEAR SIR,—Because the number of drug addicts is increasing, I am glad to learn that the B.M.A. is to co-operate with the Home Office in launching a drive against the illicit distribution of drugs.

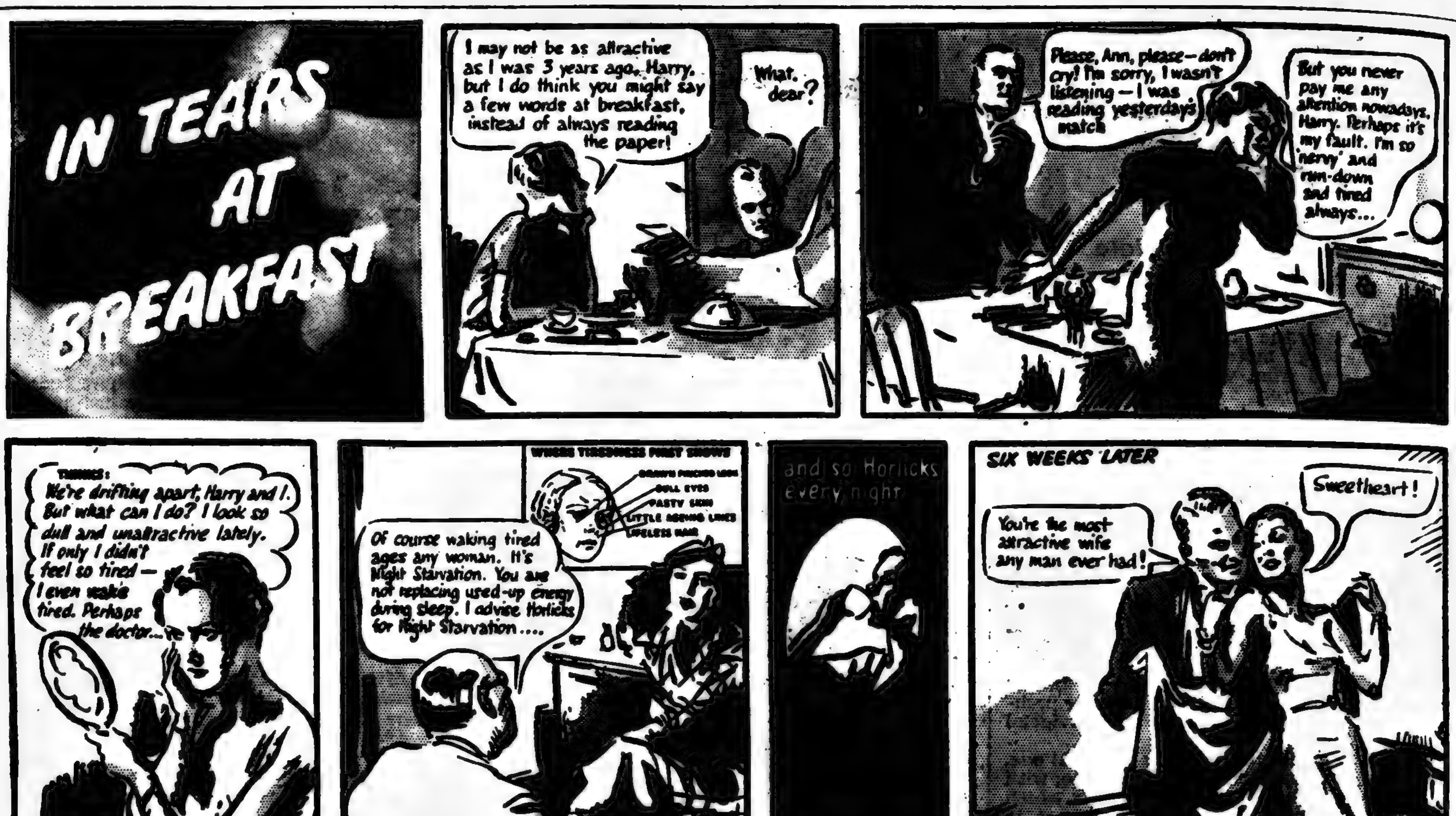
Obviously, considerable assistance can be rendered by medical men in this campaign. Not the least effective part would be for them to take more care about where they leave dangerous drugs.

It seems to be a common practice among men of your profession to deposit deadly stuff in cars and other places where they would not risk leaving their gloves.

And the persistence of thefts of medical cases from doctors' cars suggests that illicit traffickers are taking advantage of this little human failing.

I know it is a nuisance for a busy physician to have to take his heavy case into every house he visits, but better this inconvenience than its theft and illicit use!

In no carping spirit, therefore, I suggest that your first action in the new campaign should be a circular letter warning your members to display more caution in their daily journeys.—JOHN BULL.

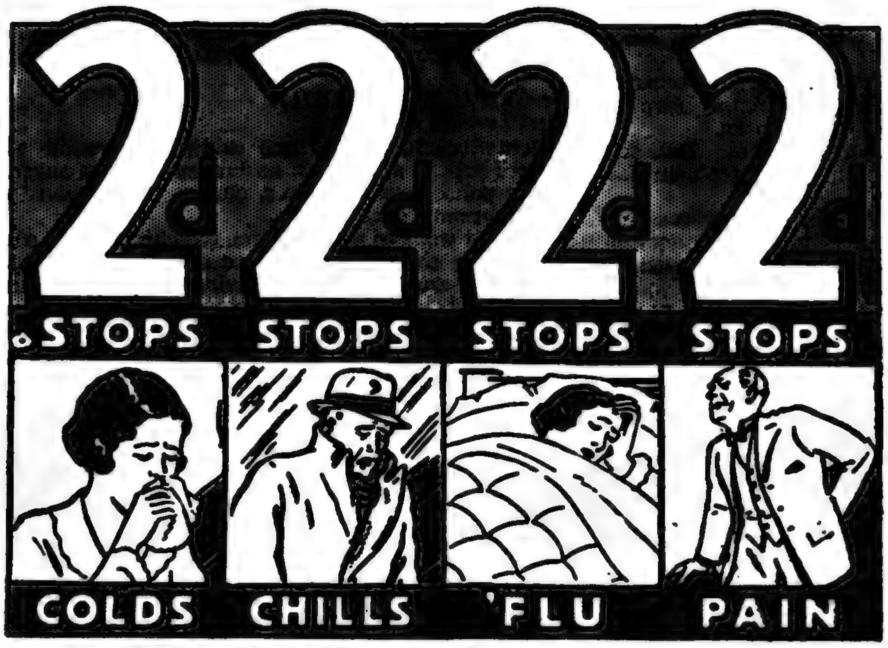

IN TEARS AT BREAKFAST
I may not be as attractive as I was 3 years ago, Harry, but I do think you might say a few words at breakfast, instead of always reading the paper!
What, dear?
Please, Ann, please—don't cry! I'm sorry, I wasn't listening—I was reading yesterday's match
But you never pay me any attention nowadays, Harry. Perhaps it's my fault. I'm so 'nervy' and run-down and tired always...
THINKS: We're drifting apart, Harry and I. But what can I do? I look so dull and unattractive lately. If only I didn't feel so tired—I even wake tired. Perhaps the doctor...
WHERE TIREDNESS FIRST SHOWS
DRAWN PINCHED LOOK
DULL EYES
PASTY SKIN
LITTLE AGEING LINES
LIFELESS HAIR
Of course waking tired ages any woman. It's Night Starvation. You are not replacing used-up energy during sleep. I advise Horlicks for Night Starvation....
and so Horlicks every night
SIX WEEKS LATER
You're the most attractive wife any man ever had!
Sweetheart!

Do you wake tired, feel run-down and 'nervy'?

TAKE HORLICKS, a hot cupful regularly at bedtime. Soon your tiredness and 'nerves' disappear. You'll *feel* full of vitality.

You'll look bright and young again. Horlicks prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS guards against Night Starvation


2d
STOPS
COLDS
2d
STOPS
CHILLS
2d
STOPS
'FLU
2
STOPS
PAIN

2d. ends quickly the unpleasant symptoms of a Cold. 2d. the price of a BEECHAMS POWDER! Sneezing, nose running and that heavy, headachy feeling stop instantly! You feel better & brighter! Get a BEECHAMS POWDER NOW!

Take a 2d. BEECHAMS POWDER and kill that Chill NOW! That shivering, hot-and-cold feeling is ended! The aching in the limbs ceases! Yes!—2d. the price of a BEECHAMS POWDER is all you need pay for relief!

'Flu is a dangerous complaint! "Nip it in the bud"—for 2d! Take a BEECHAMS POWDER AT ONCE and, like magic, the symptoms vanish! Quickly the feverishness is reduced—the feeling of 'collapse' goes—for 2d!

The awful agony of Rheumatic twinges, Lumbago, Sciatica and Nerve Pains can also be defeated for 2d! BEECHAMS POWDERS are worth their weight in gold for stopping Pains! Relief comes instantly—blessed freedom for only 2d.

BEECHAMS POWDERS Brand **2D EACH**

ACT LIKE MAGIC Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beechams Product.

Cherry Blossom Rhymes

LONDON 99 MILES
Helen Jacobs

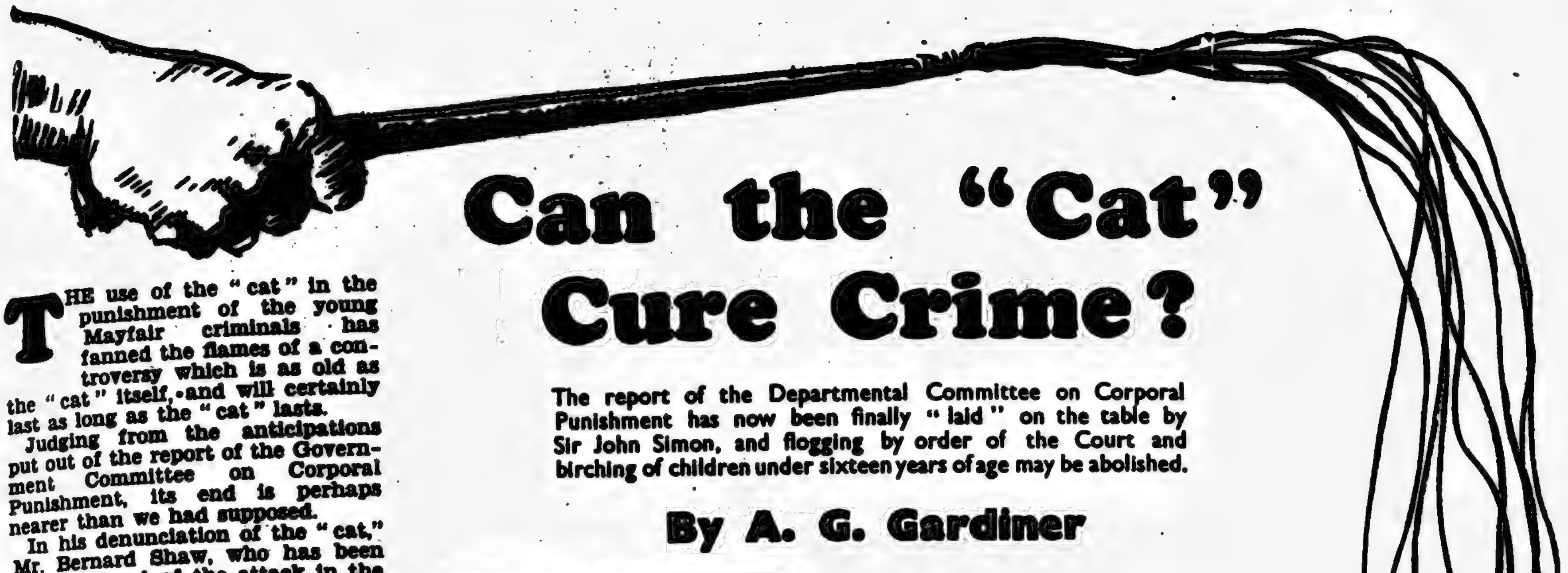
"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-hiking, Sir" she said.
"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you wish, kind Sir" she said.
"But for hiking, Sir, I hope you use
Cherry Blossom Polish to clean your shoes.
'Tis the choice of all who know the art
Of keeping shoes waterproof and smart."

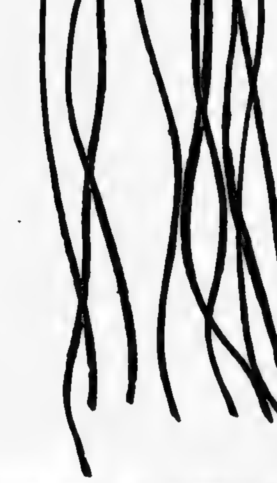
The DAILY polish with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

only takes a minute and makes shoes look their best

CB.JM.3





Can the "Cat" Cure Crime?

The report of the Departmental Committee on Corporal Punishment has now been finally "laid" on the table by Sir John Simon, and flogging by order of the Court and birching of children under sixteen years of age may be abolished.

By A. G. Gardiner

THE use of the "cat" in the punishment of the young Mayfair criminals has fanned the flames of a controversy which is as old as the "cat" itself, and will certainly last as long as the "cat" lasts.

Judging from the anticipations put out of the report of the Government Committee on Corporal Punishment, its end is perhaps nearer than we had supposed.

In his denunciation of the "cat," Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has been the spearhead of the attack in the recent controversy, divides us into two groups. Those who are against him are comprehensively described as "savages"; those who are with him are "civilised."

This seems to me an over-simplification of the issue. There are, of course, sadists who love cruelty for cruelty's sake, and some of the blood sports of the past and even of the present show that ordinarily quite human people can, under the stress of excitement, be insensitive to the pain of other creatures.

★ ★ ★

But few of us are cruel in cold blood or cruel for the sake of cruelty. And I shall assume that those who endorse the Mayfair verdict are moved by as reputable social reasons as those who are revolted by it.

The issue is not between the heathen and the cruel on one side and the civilised and humane on the other. If it were, it would be just as reasonable for me to say that Mr. Shaw is indifferent to the sufferings of the unfortunate Mr. Bellenger, who so narrowly escaped with his life, as it is for him to say that those who oppose him delight in flogging for the sake of flogging.

The question is whether the threat of the "cat" will help to save people like Mr. Bellenger in the future from such an experience as that through which he passed at the Hyde Park Hotel. If it could be proved that it would do that, I hope that even Mr. Shaw would agree that it was justified.

The business of society is to protect its members against crime. And if the choice is between the life of an unoffending tradesman and a whipping for his criminal assailant, I should be compelled to take my place among Mr. Shaw's "savages."

George Bernard Shaw condemns those who favour the "cat" as "savages"

But is that the choice? It is at this point I find myself veering to Mr. Shaw's side.

For the "cat" runs counter to the whole spirit and tendency of modern punitive methods. For the ancient doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" we have substituted the idea that punishment should be reformative. *However severe it is, it should be free from the spirit of revenge. It should aim not at brutalising the criminal, but at converting a bad citizen into a good citizen.*

The success of this humane and enlightened theory of punishment is beyond challenge. It is proved by overwhelming evidence that the congenital and incurable criminal is a rare bird and that the vast majority of those who offend against the law are redeemable by civilised methods of treatment.

The proportion of habitual criminals to the population has enormously diminished, not merely since the judicial savageries of Henry Fielding's day, but within our own lifetime.

In this change of penal policy, physical torture as a corrective has long been abandoned. It has been abandoned for two reasons: First because it is revolting to the public conscience of the modern world, and secondly because it is useless as a preventive of crime in general.

But there is one queer exception to this principle that punishment should not take the form of physical torture. It sprang up in the middle of last century when the word "garrotting" came into our vocabulary. In the ill-lit streets of the London of those days there was an outburst of highway robbery by criminals who stole up behind their victims and throttled them.

Much public alarm arose, and as a result the "cat" was brought back into use for the punishment of robbery with violence.

When this particular form of crime died down, the legend grew up that it was the terror of the "cat" that was the cure. And ever since the "cat" has kept its place in the armoury of the law in the case of robbery with violence.

Such basis there may be for the legend; I do not know. It is stoutly denied by the only person of my acquaintance who has gone into the facts, and who is satisfied that garrotting faded out, as other spasms of crime have faded out, because it had ceased to be worth the risk.

★ ★ ★

There was a time when flogging in the Army and Navy was a commonplace brutality. It was believed to be essential to the maintenance of discipline.

In those days mutiny was a shadow that always overhung the Services. We have blown away that shadow not by the "cat," but by the wise and just removal of grievances.

And if it is true that the fear of physical torture is a preventive of crime, why stop at one particular form of crime? Robbery with violence is a grave offence, but there are others at least as grave, and even more odious.

I have before me, by chance, the records of a series of quite dreadful cases of the maltreatment of children and of assaults upon women. In one of the latter, two men convicted of chasing in a motor-car a girl on a bicycle and outraging her, and being, incredible as it may seem, set free on undertaking to be of good behaviour for two years.

If there were any deterrent virtue in the "cat," it is such cases in which it might well be used. And the fact that it is not so used is proof that the authorities have no belief in the deterrent argument.

Why, therefore, should the legend of last century keep the anomaly alive in a single and rare class of crime?

Finally, there is the degrading effect of the institution of flogging upon society. No civilised community should condone a punishment the infliction of which would be too disgusting for those who impose it to perform.

★ ★ ★

Human nature revolts against the infliction of torture in cold blood, no matter how heinous the offence may be. *And it should not be in the power of one man to delegate to another a task so brutalising that he would shrink from performing it himself.*

So, in the end, I come down on the side of Mr. Shaw, but always with the reservation that if violent crime could be abolished by the "cat" I would use the "cat."

There is not a shred of evidence that it can, and its continuance in one isolated class of crime is a stain on our penal code that should be wiped out.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

WE'RE NOT SO BAD

EVERYONE has vague dreams in which he visualises how nice it would be to be this, or to do that.

Sometimes the dreams take hold of us to such an extent that we begin to think happiness lies only in their realisation.

But we should not be misled in this way.

Dreams may be a pleasant mental relaxation, but for the most part they are best left as dreams. The late Arnold Bennett once remarked: "To dream vaguely is not to desire.

"I often tell myself that I would give anything to be the equal of Cinquevalli the juggler, or to be the captain of the largest Atlantic liner.

"But the reflective part of me tells me that my yearning to emulate these astonishing personages is not a genuine desire, and that its realisation would not really increase my happiness."

There is profound truth behind this.

It is that—to get a true perspective of life—and in particular of our own life—we should not gaze with envy on the exceptional.

We should look round with an understanding eye on the thousands of people who are like ourselves. That is our true mirror—not the other.

And if we do this we shall be strangely comforted, for we shall find that our fellow-men, like ourselves, are quite reasonably successful in whatever they set out to do. Real failures are astonishingly rare.

Everyone who does his job faithfully, who refuses to shirk duties, and who is "honest according to his lights," is a better man than he is apt to think. Really quite an encouraging thought.

Your Own Library

IN the centre pages of this issue JOHN BULL announces a new Presentation to every reader—the world's greatest 12-Volume Library of enthralling Fiction and Real Life Dramas.

Twelve big volumes contain no fewer than 300 stories and 24 long complete novels by famous authors. There are also more than 200 illustrations.

You will find in them every kind of thrill—from baffling mysteries of crime to glimpses of real-life events that shook the world.

Edgar Wallace, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Agatha Christie, G. K. Chesterton, G. D. H. and M. Cole, Eden Phillpotts and Dorothy Sayers are among the authors.

Poirot, Sherlock Holmes, Lord Peter Wimsey, Arsene Lupin are some of the fiction characters, and among the real-life figures are Caligula, Lawrence of Arabia, Rasputin, Hitler and Franco.

Each book is richly bound in dark blue Morocco-grained cloth, embossed in gold.

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All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Turn to the centre pages and post the Reservation Forms at once.

RHEUMATISM

Nature cures it with her own SALTS OF THE EARTH

Thousands of Rheumatic sufferers are finding lasting relief in nothing more impressive than a daily tumblerful of water with a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in it. What is the secret of this simple remedy?

FYNNON EXERCISE CHART

Many shops are now displaying an interesting illustrated Exercise Chart of great value to Rheumatic sufferers. Look out for this. If you would like a chart for your own home, send 1d. stamp to Fynnon Limited (Dept. J.B.), Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

Wherever the climate tends to foster the scourge of Rheumatism, Nature has caused to spring out of the earth itself, waters charged with just those mineral salts which cure Rheumatism. Not all of us, however, have the time or the money to take a leisurely Spa 'cure.' Brilliant chemists have analysed the water of some of the curative springs and combined their most potent constituents (Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, etc.) in Fynnon Salt. This means that you can now get the medicinal benefit of Spa water from your own tap.

Spa Treatment at Home

Stir a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt into a tumblerful of cold or warm water, drink it before breakfast every day—and what happens? The 'salts of the earth' attack the uric acid deposits in your blood, dissolving the pain-making crystals and washing the poisons clean out of your system. Rheumatic swellings subside, sudden stabs of Sciatica disappear, and creaking joints move freely and easily once again. This is happening everywhere to-day, and Fynnon Salt is the reason.

Positive Daily Fitness

A tumblerful of water with Fynnon Salt has Nature's power not only to rid you of rheumatic pain and disfigurement, but also to make you positively fit. Fynnon Salt stimulates liver and kidneys, thus purifying the blood and helping to get rid of superfluous fat and all clogging waste matter.

SODIUM, POTASSIUM, LITHIUM, etc.

These mineral elements spring from the earth in the waters of famous Spas, and they are combined in Fynnon Salt. With a 1/3 tin you can 'take the cure' in your own home for a month. Fynnon Salt gently stimulates liver and kidneys so that clogging waste, and the uric acid which it produces, are flushed from the system. The acids which form excess fat are also neutralised and the bloodstream refreshed. Fynnon Salt is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

NATURE'S
FYNNON
1/3
SALT

FYNNON SALT

Written in Gratitude

Fynnon Limited guarantee that every letter they publish is absolutely genuine and unsolicited. The original letters can be seen at their offices.

15 YEARS OF CRIPPLING RHEUMATISM ENDED

"For 15 years I have suffered with Rheumatism, have been doubled up and had no power in my legs and could not straighten myself. I have tried many cures with no results until my last illness. Whilst I was laid by in terrible pain a friend asked me if I ever tried Fynnon Salt. She told me what wonderful salts they were. Before I had finished one and a half tins, the pain had gone and I could hold myself upright again. I shall always praise your wonderful salts and the good they have done me."—Mr. W. McK. (Sutton, Surrey).

NO MORE SCIATICA

"I have had acute Sciatica for nine months. I started taking Fynnon Salt regularly each morning. After about a fortnight I lost all pain, which I had had for nine months. I now feel quite well and have no return of the pain, which I think is wonderful. I cannot thank you enough for what Fynnon Salt has done for me."—Mr. J. O. (King's Lynn).

NEURITIS REMEDIED

"My left arm kept me from work for three weeks with Neuritis. I went to my doctor and he gave me . . . but it was no use. I went to the Chemist, he gave me . . . ; that was no use. Then I tried a tin of Fynnon Salt and within five days I was fit for work. So now I cut out your advertisements and give them to other sufferers. There are more than 14 people to whom I have recommended Fynnon Salt and all have come back to thank me."—Mr. V. H. (Felixstowe).

**Your
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Your Watchdog Barks

Men are travelling the country purporting to come from local educational authorities and inviting parents to pay ten shillings deposit on a set of instructional books for their children. Have nothing to do with them.

* * *

Are you being circularised with elaborate literature by a West End firm talking a lot of impressive nonsense about purchase and sale of wheat and oats, and promising you a quick and profitable return on your money? If so, correct destination is the dust-bin.

* * *

Warning to Scottish readers. Two men using a car, and giving name of tailoring establishment in Bath Street, Glasgow (non-existent, in fact), have swindled several people in outlying districts. Keep your money. You will never have delivery of garments.

* * *

When you buy metal scourers, low price generally means poor quality. Many serious complaints. If the wire breaks there is grave danger of blood poisoning. Throw the thing away and buy a better article made of sound metal.

Priceless Mr. Pardoe

IF you receive a communication heavily headed in red type "Your guarantee of a penny pool dividend outright" look at it closely.

You may be impressed by its claims and attributions. Or you may not.

It will refer (also in red type) to "His Majesty's Authorities at Somerset House, London."

It will also ask for a ten-shilling note, which, minus a commission of 20 per cent., will ensure you a win in the modest but lucrative penny pool of three well-known promoting firms.

* * *

You will also see in big (this time blue) type something about the "unthinkable event of failure" and an "unimpeachable legal guarantee."

Here is a characteristic passage in the document:

"All you have to send me to receive my Government Stamped Guarantee is the sum of Ten Shillings, which ensures that you will enter my forecasts. You will realise that I must insist upon this to avoid every possibility of my forecasts being wasted.

"As a prominent football expert I cannot enter them myself, and on the attached form you will see that you have to promise me 4s. in £1 of your Big Exclusive Penny Pool Win.

"Please use the order form below and write At Once."

Now, after you have enjoyed this hyperbole, I would like you to look at two names printed on this oblong sheet of paper.

One is that of Frank Forsyth, with an address in New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. You cannot mistake it.

After that, at the very bottom, and in very small type, the legend—"G. R. Pardoe, A.P. (B.), Ltd., S.E.1."

And do you know that G. R. Pardoe is none other than our old friend Geoffrey Pardoe, who has often figured in the columns of JOHN BULL?

Be careful of Pardoe and all his promises.

* * *

He used to have an associate called "Rhoda Pleasants." They set themselves out as *Bullets* experts and were wont to hint that in return for £1 they could use influence to assure success for their clients.

And there have been other exámples of the enterprising practices of this same Pardoe which have engaged our attention.

Young Settlers' Eldorado Tragedy

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Rich prospects are painted in this booklet to attract colonists to the hinterland of South America

ARTHUR JAMES BEAZLEY is a former constable of the Leicestershire police force. He saved a little money and on retirement set up in business in a small way.

Like many another, he looked for some means to escape a humdrum life that led nowhere. He thought he had found it when he saw an advertisement in a national daily newspaper, which said:

"A bright future and healthy life awaits a married man with a family and small capital in the Argentine."

One can imagine what such a possibility meant to a man who had a small potential capital at his command.

He wrote for particulars to an address given in West London.

In course of time he received elaborate literature expatiating on the prospects of life in Victoria Colony, in Argentina.

He was also sent an extract from a Buenos Aires newspaper giving an account of a visit to those parts of the British Ambassador, Sir Esmond Ovey, and his wife in September of last year.

The sum of £1,000, he was also informed, was necessary for a man, wife and two children to settle in the all-British Victoria Colony, which was said to be happy and prosperous.

In this land of delight the soil was so fertile, the climate so equable that the settler could grow citrus, tung, yerba for main crops, and could get catch crops of maize, cotton, and wheat sufficient for the annual income. Success was inevitable.

Moreover, he was informed that a concern called the Victoria Colonisation Company, of which the advertiser was one of the London representatives, had its own experimental station, which gave instruction to newcoming settlers.

As for children, they would thrive in that happy recess where there were private schools, and an abundance of fresh meat, milk and bread.

Beazley understood that for three generations there would be no taxation, that each plantation had its own swimming pool and that no one ever returned home except for a holiday.

As for the £1,000 capital, it would be utilised as follows: £200 to cover travelling expenses from England; £100 for living charges for one year; £180 for land; £35 for clearing costs; £150 for building a house.

* * *

The remainder would be required for purchase of seeds and tools. And, in the end, there would be a comfortable margin for incidentals.

It all looked so hopeful that ex-police constable Beazley realised on his business and effects and made his way to South America.

His eldest boy was taken from school, where he had won a scholarship, because of the possibility of being able to send him later on to a good school in Argentina.

Mr. Beazley paid £100 deposit on the land he was to own in Victoria Colony, and the family left England.

When he arrived at Buenos Aires, Mr. A. J. Schwelm—who was founder, I find, of the company—met him and advised him to pay £300, so that the organisation could act as his bankers.

Mr. Beazley duly arrived at Victoria and Eldorado, but found the conditions much different from those he had so hopefully expected, and was shocked to hear from the residents that he might not obtain any return on his money for five or six years at least, and possibly longer.

Mr. Beazley, following a tour of inspection of the settlement, abandoned the project completely, and is now in Buenos Aires with his wife and family.

* * *

Now, it so happens that just about four years ago—in the issue dated March 10, 1934, to be precise—I had some strong observations to make concerning the Victoria Colonisation Company.

At that time its offices were close to Piccadilly Circus, in the Haymarket, London.

According to literature then being circulated, the company had already a colony in the province of Misiones, on the upper Parana river (on the borders of Paraguay and Brazil), which consisted of 200,000 acres of virgin soil.

Simultaneously, the same Mr. A. J. Schwelm was founding two new colonies, one at Eldorado and the other at Victoria. These were to provide valuable training-ground for young Britons, who would create similar settlements within the Empire "when the time comes."

There were similar printed statements as to the ease with which fruit, yerba mate (Argentinian tea), citrus, maize, tobacco, etc., could be grown. A deposit of money was also required.

I pointed out then that the new settlement would be under a foreign flag 700 miles from the nearest seaport, that the prospects of raising immediate crops in this undeveloped land were very slight, and that all the "colony" invited was years of hard work with prospect of poor return on such long labour.

Indicating that children born on that alien soil would have to take Argentinian nationality, seeing their parents were landholders, I pointed out that there were scarcely any educational facilities, and warned readers that anyone who settled in those parts would, for a long time, have to depend on his neighbours for food supplies, which he could naturally only obtain on payment.

Thus, in the light of Mr. Beazley's experiences, I see no occasion to change my views!

Why £3,271 Was Lost

HERE are just four extracts from letters which speak for themselves.

First, from a London reader:

"It is with gratitude that I write this letter of thanks. Such a bold, straightforward article deserves the attention of all serious-minded readers. We feel sure that you have put the case clearly and concisely, and hope that your efforts on our behalf will be crowned by a happy sequel."

And from a reader at Westcliff-on-Sea: "Thank you for your letter . . . I do not intend to pay, as I consider their agent told me a whole pack of lies. . . . I shall always appreciate your valued advice and help." And this:

"We cannot express our thanks for the kind interest you are taking in us. My husband and myself read your letter very carefully, and realise the situation in full, for you have made it so clear."

Now a letter from a reader at Inverary—in a different strain, unfortunately:

"Having observed your special dossier, I write to say that I am a victim of the same rogue to the extent of £3,271 of my life's savings.

"I had three different men calling on me and their plausible stories and conditions carried me away. I trust investigations are being made as to whether anything is to be saved."

£3,271 lost to a rogue about whom several warnings had been published! Sad, indeed; yet a short enquiry from this reader before he invested would have saved him every penny!

So—write to me about it!

Gush from Greengates

"FOR the rest of your life—invest in health."

This heads a mass of literature now being issued by Messrs. J. Evans and H. Welton, both unqualified men, who run an organisation called the New Health Centre, Greengates, Bradford, Yorkshire.

An illustration depicts the centre as a large double-fronted house.

In actual fact it is a picture of two houses cleverly touched up to make them look like one. At one house there is a modest clinic and laboratory that constitutes the actual health centre.

Messrs. Evans and Welton are prepared to treat a variety of ailments ranging from psoriasis to boils, but their speciality is rheumatism.

They claim their scientific discovery of the true cause of this almost universal complaint and its treatment—easily and pleasantly carried out at home—have resulted in incredible success in both chronic and advanced cases. They send details of treatment by post.

At one time they could not charge less than five guineas for their advice. To-day, with characteristic generosity, they bring it within the range of all for the modest fee of two guineas a month.

A number of glowing testimonials are all anonymous. The claim that the New Health Centre has become the Mecca of the sick and infirm is also extravagant.

My advice is: If you are suffering from rheumatism or any of the hundred and one complaints mentioned in the Evans-Welton brochure, you should consult your local practitioner. You will find it much more satisfactory in the long run.

Gibbs Dentifrice
Gibbs Tooth Paste
Fits the Brush

FORM TWOS!
-TWO FORMS!!

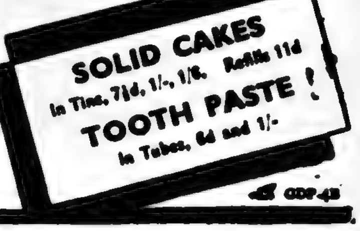
Each the finest of their kind
the perfect TOOTHGUARDS for your teeth

Gibbs comes in two forms – Gibbs Solid Dentifrice and Gibbs Tooth Paste. In effectiveness and action they are exactly the same. In either form Gibbs polishes and cleans teeth to the glistening lustre of unscratched enamel; in either form Gibbs kills germs, neutralises dangerous mouth acids, sweeps away anything that could cause decay. The only difference between them is the extra economy, the extra convenience for children and for travelling of Gibbs Solid Dentifrice in its neat, clean case; and the softer consistency and more customary packing (Tube) of Gibbs Tooth Paste. Try both and see which *you* prefer. As long as it's Gibbs you are certain to get the world's best Dentifrice. CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

-in your favourite form



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If you're looking for

FURNITURE BARGAINS

—Turn to Page 33

Don't overlook Jay's Furnishing offer and their six-point plan by which all bargains can be obtained. A number of free catalogues are offered to readers. Details of Jay's 3-way protection is given in a booklet entitled "Tranquility." A piano catalogue can also be obtained, as well as a free gift catalogue which provides details of lovely free gifts to customers of £10 or over.

Simply fill in the coupon in the special announcement on page 33 and cross out those booklets which you do not require. Post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and address Jay's Furnishing Stores, Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. There are over 170 branches of Jay's throughout the country, but take the first step by getting full details of their furnishing bargains!

Bread restores energy

used up in physical exercises

No other food is so rich in energy-providing material. None is so convenient, adaptable, usable in so many ways. Bread makes any meal a *better* meal —more nutritious as well as more energising.

BREAD
for energy

C.F.H. 392

Continuing Sir W. Childs' Dossier

Pools Challenge

My Final Word

IT was not my intention to devote further space to the challenge of International Sporting Pools, Ltd., of Bristol, with which I last dealt in our issue of February 26.

But they appear to have hedged on their original challenge, and to have issued a second one.

Their first challenge invites any person or newspaper (I certainly come into the category of a person) to prove:

1. That a "client" has won on I.S.P. and not been paid, providing that such a client is not a defaulter on I.S.P. or any other pool.

2. That any "large" sum of money has ever been paid to a "relative" of any director or official of the company.

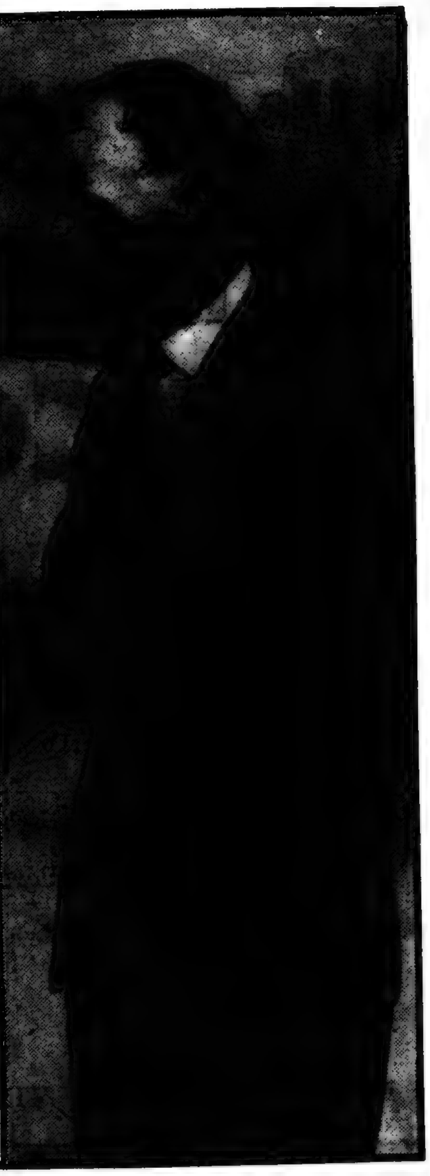
In the second challenge is an invitation to any person or newspaper to prove:

3. That football pool "winnings" have ever been paid to any relative of any director of the company.

4. That any "genuine client" who has won on I.S.P. has not been paid, providing the said client was not a defaulter on these or any other pools.

Firstly, I am puzzled as to the difference between a "client" and a "genuine client."

I can only presume from this phraseology that "Mr. William Jackson," the brother of Mr. A. E. Chard, one of the directors of I.S.P., was not, in fact, a "genuine client."



"Mr. William Jackson," brother of Mr. A. E. Chard, who is the central figure in this challenge

Moreover, what do the words "any large sum of money" mean? Is £1,506 a large or a small sum?

The suggestion that football pool winnings have never been paid to any relative of any director of the company leads me to the inevitable deduction that "Mr. Jackson," the brother of the aforesaid Mr. A. E. Chard, director, did not "win" at all, and that is what I have always suspected.

Challenge No. 1 speaks of a "client." The second challenge refers to a "genuine client."

In the case of No. 1 there is mention of a "large" sum of money, while the second talks of football pool "winnings" never having been paid to any relative.

The facts are that I reproduced a picture of Mr. A. E. Chard in the act of handing over a cheque for £1,506 to his brother, "Mr. William Jackson." The caption below the picture (which was reproduced by permission of the *Bristol Evening World* newspaper) states that "Mr. Jackson" forecast four away teams in the football pool and, in consequence, was "presented with a cheque for £1,506."

I.S.P. are condemned out of their own mouths. Their challenges are valueless for the simple reason that I never made any statement which formed part of their subject matter.

Would it not be much better if I.S.P. confessed the whole thing was an advertising stunt—if, in fact, it was—to attract the public to invest their moneys in their pools, believing, as they must have done, that "Mr. Jackson" had won the handsome sum of £1,506 for a mere four correct results?

I will conclude by making a public offer to I.S.P.

If they can prove to me that "Mr. Jackson" is *not* the brother of Mr. A. E. Chard, and that he did, in fact, forecast four away teams in the football pool, and, as a result, *won* the sum of £1,506 and *received* it, I will immediately acknowledge such a fact in these columns.

I shall, of course, require to see the winning coupon, and also the actual cheque, which will show me when it was cleared and to whose account it was credited. I shall also require "Mr. Jackson's" birth certificate.

If I make no further reference to I.S.P. in these columns it may be assumed that *my* challenge has not been taken up.

Amazing Fur Coats Mystery

MR. MORRIS PROOTH has several addresses in London, business and otherwise, among them Artillery Lane in the City, and Fairholt Road, Stoke Newington, N. The last-named is his home address.

In view of some very serious facts which reached me about him, I have investigated this man's antecedents and practices in conjunction with members of my staff.

The results are most interesting. It is obvious that Prooth has deluded a number of people into parting with sums of money, or valuable goods, amounting in the aggregate to nearly £50,000.

* * *

Morris Prooth, who possesses a keen intelligence and can be the essence of frankness on occasion, has operated for the most part as a manufacturing furrier. He has also directed a limited liability company called Silks and Linings, Ltd.

One of Prooth's specialities was the marketing of the ideal fur coat from stocks which he could obtain.

I regret to say that some of the people who trusted Prooth now face losses of very large sums indeed.

It would take a long time to give details of all his transactions. You may rely on my word that some of them have been so involved that they have brought him to the notice of the authorities.

His audacity is staggering in its brazenness.

A few months ago rumour hinted that perhaps all was not well with him and rumour proved justified for once.

Prooth last summer paid a visit to Ostend, in Belgium, where he lived in style and was a big punter at the tables. He cashed cheques for large sums, although he must have been—in the light of subsequent events—financially embarrassed even then.

On his return to London stringent questions were put to him concerning his affairs. As a result the books of his company were examined and found to be in a deplorable state. They were full of fictitious entries.

I can reveal that some of these, on his own admission, were made deliberately to reduce the amount of income tax returns—tantamount to defrauding the revenue.

Other entries were made to conceal the identity of foreign agents with whom he was working.

"Surplus assets" shown in some of his books and which were supposed to cover a period of six years, have been found to be absolutely false. It has also transpired that Prooth signed accounts and documents during that same period which were completely misleading.

He recently was courageous enough to call upon the Inland Revenue authorities to confess to certain errors in his tax returns. He admitted mis-statements amounting to thousands.

When my investigators went to the premises in Artillery Lane where it has been said that business up to £80,000 was the ordinary annual turnover, they discovered a dismal state of affairs.

Part of the offices are now in the hands of the decorators and part are "To Let," although, truth to tell, Prooth is still occasionally to be seen in the building. He was, in fact, there in the course of the last few days.

I gather that it is his fervent hope to recommence operations in Artillery Lane in the future.

* * *

Now a few words about Silks and Linings, Ltd. This appears to have been just a trading name for this amazing furrier, for the only shareholder is a relative, and the only creditor none other than—Morris Prooth himself!

Prooth claims that this concern owes him £4,500; it would appear, however, that this figure will most certainly have to be amended!

One phase of his career which calls for the fullest official enquiry concerns his numerous bill and accommodation transactions, running into many thousands of pounds.

I hope that the weary machinery of bankruptcy proceeding investigations will be speeded up in this case.

It is one about which much more will undoubtedly be heard. I prophesy that without the least compunction!

Quilliam Jailed at Last

WILLIAM HENRY BILLAL QUILLIAM, aged fifty-two, a retired solicitor, a mathematician of repute, a versatile company director and a man who sometimes lived up to his reputation as a Napoleon of finance, was sentenced at the Old Bailey last week for conspiracy to defraud.

Quilliam looked on JOHN BULL as his greatest enemy. We were responsible for the denouncement of company after company of which this financial genius was the leading spirit.

It was in August, 1922, that JOHN BULL first warned the general public against Quilliam. He had launched a mammoth company called Direct Fish Supplies, in which shareholders, including 2,500 women investors, finally lost the enormous sum of £510,000.

Quilliam left the country in a hurry, and it was JOHN BULL who sought him out in his hiding-place in France. Our enquiries extended over a period of weeks and in the end we told an amazing story of financial jugglery.

JOHN BULL investigators continued to keep close watch over his activities.

We found him in Juan les Pins, where he suddenly launched out into real estate in a big way. He made a lot of money for himself with his skilful publicity of the new resort.

He was less successful when he tried to create a big resort at Bouches du Loup, a dreary stretch of beach near Cannes, which was to be the rival of Monte Carlo.

Bouches du Loup never became the centre of fashion Quilliam had confidently told his backers it would, and so he turned his attention to something more solid—the production of marble.

He settled in Paris and founded the Société Marbronyx, which was to obtain supplies of marble from quarries in the Midi. It failed, and Quilliam, knowing that the trouble over the Direct Fish Supplies had died down, came back to England.

But the Nice courts took such a serious view of the way he handled the affairs of the Société Marbronyx, they sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment in his absence.

It was not long before we discovered he was staying at a well-known hotel in the West End of London.

Once again we exposed him.

He did not take part—by name—in any big scheme after that date. But companies continued to come into existence which were obviously his creation.

One was the Bartholomew Investment Syndicate, Ltd., a concern which we exposed.

Then there was the International Trust which purported to have a capital of £1,000,000. Once again Quilliam was behind the scenes, and once again people lost their money.

In 1935, under the heading of "Mr. Quilliam on the War Path Again," we devoted a whole page to a concern called Heilbut, Symons and Company, with headquarters in Chancery Lane.

We related how people were losing large sums of money. The company's activities extended to the United States, Canada, Palestine, India, France, Belgium, and other Continental countries.

Large sums were raised on the understanding that Quilliam could make loans of sums ranging from £5,000 to £500,000 for investment in sound businesses temporarily embarrassed by lack of capital.

In connection with this same company a representative of JOHN BULL was subpœnaed some time ago in the High Court to produce all the JOHN BULL exposures —*twenty-one in all*—during the last sixteen years.

Detectives came to us in connection with Heilbut, Symons and Company, and we placed before them all the information at our disposal.

It was in connection with Heilbut, Symons and Company, first mentioned as far back as December, 1935, in these columns, that Quilliam has at last gone to prison for two years.

JOHN BULL takes pride in the fact that it has been of some assistance to the authorities in bringing this rogue to book after long last.

Offensive!

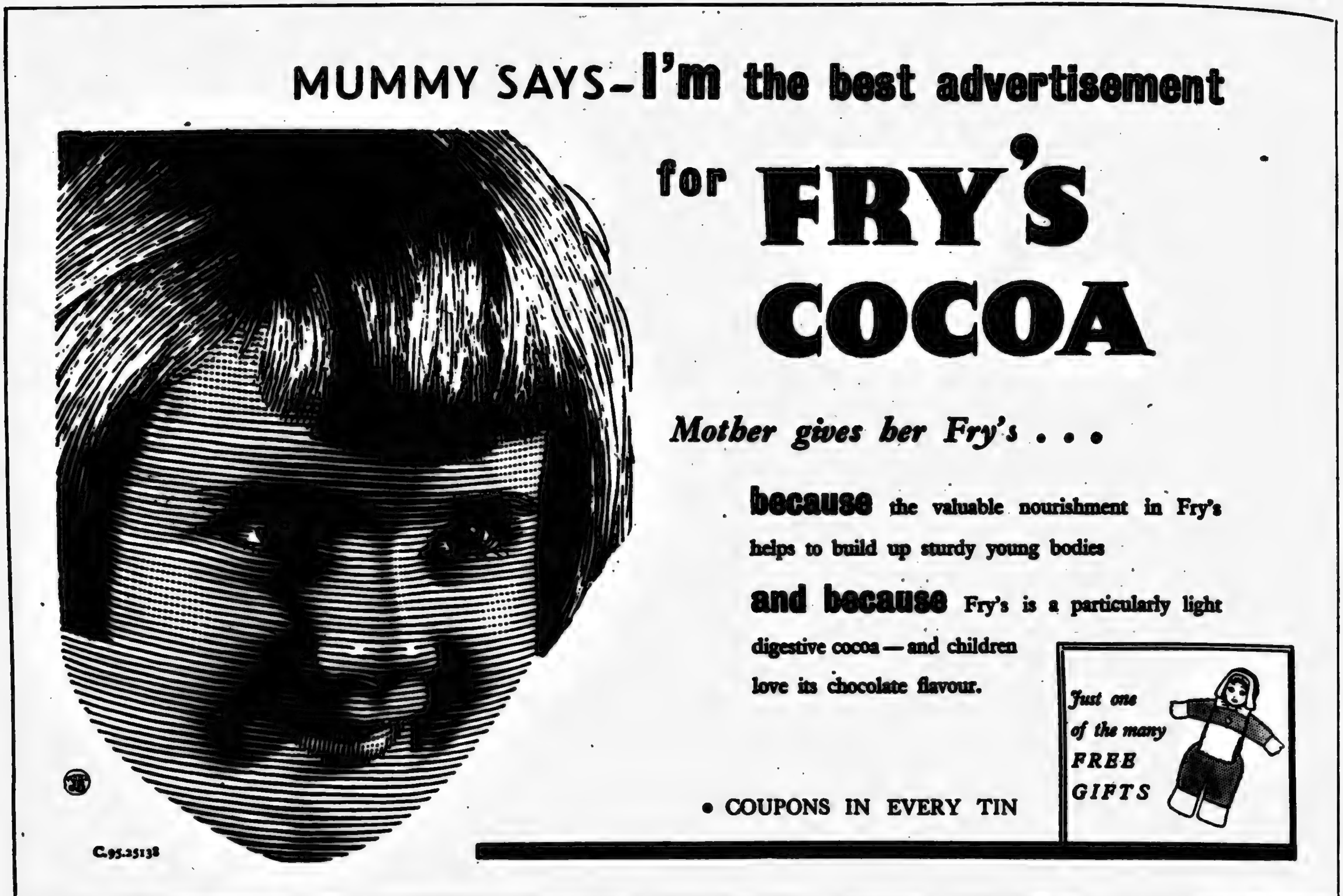
READERS have drawn my attention to a circular which they have received through the post entitled "The Secret of Masculine Virility," and which purports (*vide* the first line) to be a "frank document for intelligent men over twenty-one."

It is issued by Blakoe Appliances, Ltd. (whose address I omit for obvious reasons), and the secret which this firm sells is an object which costs 30s.

No one can doubt that the document is a frank exposition of a problem of sexual virility. Indeed, it is far too frank in its wording. I should describe it as particularly distasteful.

The people who broadcast this thing in the hope of commercial gain appear to have overlooked the fact that it may come into the hands of young children of both sexes.

I do not think I need emphasise this danger any further. But I do say that unless certain more effective precautions are taken in regard to the dissemination of this literature, the matter should be one for the proper authorities to deal with drastically



MUMMY SAYS–**I'm the best advertisement**

for FRY'S COCOA

Mother gives her Fry's . . .

because the valuable nourishment in Fry's helps to build up sturdy young bodies

and because Fry's is a particularly light digestive cocoa—and children love its chocolate flavour.

• COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

Just one of the many FREE GIFTS

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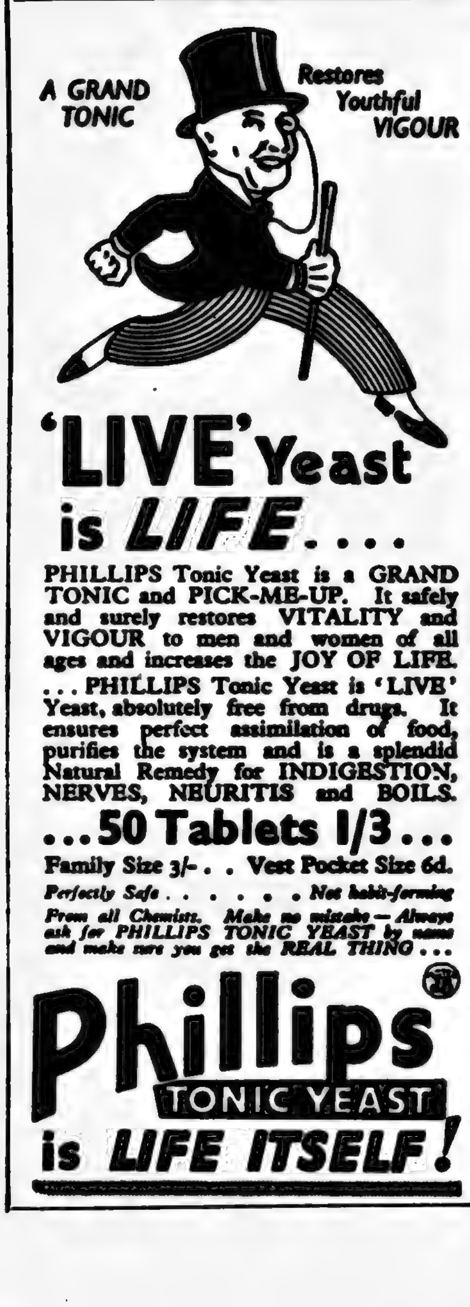


'LIVE' Yeast is *LIFE* . . . .

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to men and women of all ages and increases the JOY OF LIFE. . . . PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

. . . 50 Tablets 1/3 . . .

Family Size 3/- . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . . . . Not habit-forming

From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING . . .

Phillips TONIC YEAST is *LIFE ITSELF*!

Yes! that's ECZEMA
-the best & quickest Healer is CUTICURA OINTMENT

Even as you apply Cuticura Ointment you feel its marvellous soothing effect. Within five minutes that maddening, sleep-wrecking itch will be relieved. Then the healing antiseptic ingredients sink to the very source of the Eczema. With every application the place looks healthier as the eruption dies down. It shrinks in size daily. Scaling stops, weeping dries up and new spotless skin appears and spreads until no trace of Eczema remains. Often, a single tin of Cuticura Ointment is sufficient to clear up a stubborn skin eruption of years standing.

Cuticura Ointment kills germs and repels them. It prevents septic poisoning and gathering and draws out inflammation.

A magical healer of Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, Chaps, Broken Chilblains, etc., and an ideal first-aid for Burns and Scalds.

★ Sufferers from Eczema should, in the bath and when washing, use only Cuticura Soap. Made especially for cleansing skin troubles, it is as mild and soothing as fresh dairy cream.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS—DRAWS OUT POISONS

***Eat Well* to *Keep well* always use HP SAUCE**

Tasty, piquant H.P. Sauce—that's the relish for a hearty, healthy appetite. Delicious with hot or cold meat, sausages, fish, cheese and all other savouries. Aids digestion, too.

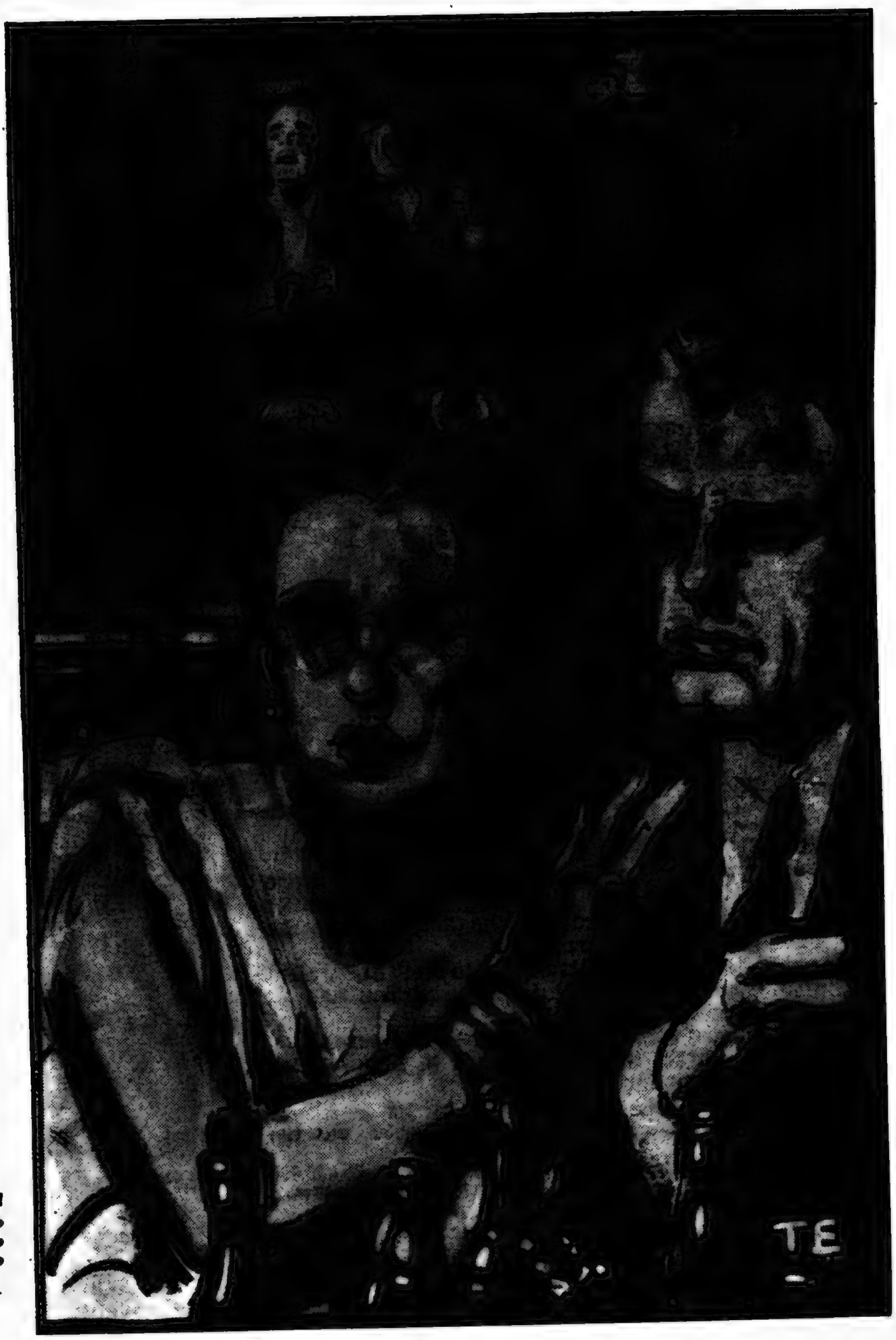
9d. PER BOTTLE
Picnic Size 3d.

Would *You* Like a Tube of Toothpaste—Free?

Readers who post the Coupon on page 24 can get a free sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Test its cleansing properties by accepting this trial offer. See page 24.

BOTTLE PARTY

by May Edgington



"Police! But . . oh, Antony, please, please!"

THE quarrel had nagged on at intervals for the best part of two days—when Jack wasn't asleep.

He was tired of it, and secretly so was Pam.

But it would not end, each of them having a grievance. And when they faced each other at supper they were feeling the strain badly.

He hated being on night duty at the reception desk of the cheap hotel in the Euston Road. She hated—everything.

After they had sulked awhile, she said, "You always say that everything good is bad."

He flared back, "And you always say that everything bad is good."

"That's only," she said, "because I mentioned that Eden place. Well, I'd *like* to go to a Bottle Club. All sorts of people do. You see the names in the papers."

"All sorts of people. You're right." He rose. "I've got to be off. A nice sort of evening you've given me, I must say."

"As nice as you've given me!"

★ ★ ★

"I work for it," he said; but indistinctly, as he went for his hat and coat in the tiny hall.

She had to follow him out to try to catch the words.

It doesn't do for husbands and wives to be too sarcastic with each other, and he knew it.

Still he couldn't stop himself.

He paused, putting the coat on. "Last week it was all that blue dress out of that Shaftesbury Avenue shop. Now it's all this darn Bottle Club!"

"Well, I wanted the blue frock to wear at the Eden. See?"

"I know what I see!"

"Say it again! Do! That I'd be better with a baby! When we can't afford even a decent evening out!"

He pulled open the front door, and thought miserably.

"I won't say that again," he said, looking very young. "You don't *want* a baby. I've got that all right. You've made me see it. What're you doing after I'm gone? Anything? Margery coming?"

"No. I'm . . . I'm going out with her. The new Myrna Loy."

"In town? Well, then, why can't you come up with me? I could see you safely inside the place, and . . ."

"It wouldn't be time for the big picture. I've got to wash up first."

"You don't wash up at night——"

Before the sudden incomprehensible fury of her young face he fled, and was glad to go.

After the incomprehensible fury of his young face she was glad when the front door banged, and she could run up to her room, in a flood of tears of anger.

But she didn't wash up.

Time enough for that before he came home at eight-thirty next morning.

And she *was* going to the Eden—she'd given Jack his second chance, on an impulse of flurried repentance and nerves.

But he had made it clear he would never take her anywhere like that.

And she *was* going. To-night.

She put on her wedding dress—ankle length, very smart. A beige affair, it had been chosen to do for subsequent festive occasions.

Her black cloth best coat went over it; her beret was cocked on her curls.

She took the bag Jack had given her for a Christmas present—their first Christmas together, and already she couldn't bear the sight of him!

★ ★ ★

There was two-and-ninepence in her housekeeping purse, and her friend Margery's latch-key.

She went out.

What she hadn't told Jack was that Margery was away on holiday.

Margery was a good friend—she understood what a mistake the marriage had been; said, "I'm glad *I'm* free." And, "If you want to meet this boy, dear, here's my key."

Fine night, heralding spring, though it was only the first week in February. Lovely soft night—singing of adventure, as lovely soft nights used to do before a girl made her big mistake and got married!

The tram; a little scurried journey on foot; and she was at the drab house off the Fulham Road, where Margery had her one-room flatlet.

★ ★ ★

She let herself in, no one seeing her, and no one caring anyway; and ran upstairs to Margery's small room.

The gas-meter of the fire was empty, and she wasn't going to spare a shilling.

But it wasn't very cold; and she made up her face at leisure from the cosmetics she had bought at a threepenny and sixpenny store.

Jack didn't like her to make up after they were married.

Her long, dark eyelashes, stiff with mascara; her blue eyes, blue-shadowed; her matching rouge and lipstick; her waving hair sleeked back. . . . "I look *the goods*!" she thought.

She stuffed her beret into her handbag, and gave her cloth coat a shake-out; and lamented her walking shoes—paper-light though they were—and set out for Soho.

Even though the Eden did not open till eleven, she was late; but, then, she couldn't help it—with Jack not leaving home till after nine.

The big commissionaire would be surprised to see her trip in as a client!

She could see, now, his flat Mongol face and his opaque eyes—she knew he bore the British name of "George"—as he smiled at Margery and herself

(*Continued on page 34*)

Here is the truth about the Great Arms Ramp. For fifteen short years, while the world was licking its wounds after the great war, the arms factories of Europe marked time by making sewing machines. Those were the "quiet days." NOW—

The Cannon Kings are Making CARNIVAL

Guns like these can be the guardians of peace, but when they become the toys of international gamblers who know NO *patriotism the world must beware*

WITH one major war going full blast, all Europe in jitters, and the bloodiest civil conflict in history still raging, the Cannon Kings are holding high carnival.

" So much to do, and so little time to do it in," wailed a Minister recently, explaining the difficulties of Britain's vast rearmament efforts.

Well, if we need every gun, tank, shell and aeroplane, and have " so little time " in which to make them, how do you account for these facts?—

> **During 1937 Britain exported £2,641,000 worth of fighting aircraft—an increase of £700,000 on the previous year.**
>
> **In eleven months of last year more than £3,000,000 worth of guns, explosives, ammunition and " military and naval stores " were sold abroad.**
>
> **When our rearmament progress began to get really feverish in August last year we started exporting arms at the rate of £500,000 worth a month.**

All these admissions were made in the House of Commons recently by the President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Oliver Stanley further admitted that during the three months ending January 31, 1938, we granted two arms export licences to Japan—in spite of the fact that this country is pledged by League of Nations resolutions not to export to Japan.

Under those licences £36,314 worth of arms left the country. There might have been much more if Middlesbrough and London dockers had not refused to load Japan-bound arms ships.

We can draw only one conclusion. It is that the international armaments racket, which knows no frontiers and is beyond patriotism, is busier than ever before.

How much Essen and Sheffield, Pilsen and Creusot have had to do with the beginning of all the trouble in the world to-day only their own board-rooms know.

Profits in Blood

Consider the master builders of the armaments racket, the great firm of Krupps of Essen. A remarkable book called "Krupp" dealing with the history and activities of this firm has just been published.

Written by a man named Bernhard Menne, who was once a "key" employee of Krupps and was imprisoned by the French in a cell next to that occupied by Dr. Krupp von Bohlen, it makes amazing disclosures about this "profits-in-blood" business.

The record goes back to the first Krupp, who, as a wine merchant, kept his head and multiplied his profits in many directions during the Great Plague which swept Europe about the year 1600.

While flourishing families were being wiped out overnight and money and property had lost their meaning, Arndt Krupp survived and bought up huge tracts of land near Essen.

Thereafter, this history, amply documented, shows us the rest of his successors up to a generation or so ago.

All of them moneylenders, speculators, smugglers. All of them blowing hot and cold with the different principalities and countries which disputed the Rhineland.

One Krupp, a councillor of Essen, helped to dig trenches for the French when his own countrymen's army under Blucher was approaching. None of them was an artisan or craftsman.

Even Alfred Krupp, who first smeared the firm's name on the map as armaments makers, knew next to nothing about steelworking.

It is on record that he came to England under a false name, got a job in a Sheffield factory, and so learned the British secrets for steel rollers.

From steel rollers to big guns and armour plate was only a step. Selling these to all countries, political meddling, bribery, scaremongering and intrigue of all kinds was the next step.

Then came the Great War—out of which Krupps are estimated to have made £40,000,000.

Our own armaments firms, as well as foreign firms like Skoda of Pilsen, Schneider-Creusot, and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, also reaped heavily from both sides, through their co-partnership with Krupps in international armaments trusts like Harvey United Steel and the Chilworth Gunpowder Company.

Who remembers the proofs of some of those partnerships in scaremongering and profits?

In 1908 Mr. H. J. Mulliner, of the Coventry Ordnance Company, was solemnly received by the Cabinet to tell his story (Krupp supplied) of "secret" German building of battleships.

Skilfully the story was broadcast in the Press, and the cry went up " We want eight and we won't wait."

Who remembers the claims made by Krupps on Vickers-Armstrongs after the war for royalties on the Krupp patent fuses used in Allied shells—which had killed 2,000,000 German soldiers?

The royalties Krupps claimed, and exacted—it stands as a debit in Vickers' books to this day—works out at 1s. 3d. per man—or corpse.

Boom Days Ahead

Much the same is the story of the Cannon Kings' methods, and since the war their methods and their results are pretty much the same.

While the world was licking its wounds, electing new governments, unveiling new war memorials and dreaming of better things, there was a short breathing space.

But now they are off again and, judging by recent facts, to even better times.

Krupps to-day are employing 250,000 men as against 60,000 before the war and only 120,000 at the very peak of it.

Last year revenue was up 11 per cent. and a dividend of 12 per cent. was declared. Those are admitted figures. Perhaps, knowing the coy-

ness of the Nazi *régime* and the shyness of most of the arms firms towards disclosing their true profits, you might add to those figures a bit.

The last annual report of Krupps is a remarkable document. Apart from the sound of top-boots which goes tramping through it, there is one significant passage:

"We have co-operated in traditional fashion with the competent German authorities. . . . We have re-established the reputation of our firm abroad as an arms smithy."

You bet Krupps would "co-operate in traditional fashion. . . ." But why that honest bit about being an arms smithy for people "abroad"?

Haven't Krupps got their hands full with supplying the needs of Hitler, Goering and Co.?

If it means anything at all, it can only mean that when that report was written Krupps were getting the pot simmering with arms supplies in the East and in Spain—and perhaps sharing, as the Amalgamated Engineering Union recently hinted, in the British rearmament schemes.

The Amalgamated Engineering Union might be expected to know something about what is going on in the rearmament field.

Mr. Fred. A. Smith, General Secretary of its National Committee, said not long ago:

"When you see us sending arms orders to a country potentially one of our first enemies—Germany—it rather mystifies us all.

"It rather confirms the belief that all this production of arms and talk of war are the machinations of an international gang."

But perhaps we can supply some more facts about this business by Krupps which is "re-establishing our reputation abroad as an arms smithy."

And the setting is Spain.

Only last June the steamers *Amalienborg*, *Schleswig*, *Marienborg* and *Maranon* left Hamburg under the flags of Panama, Peru and other countries not in the Non-Intervention Pact, loaded down to the plimsoll marks with guns, small arms, ammunition, explosives and military vehicles and equipment, all Franco-bound.

That is understandable, you might say. Everybody now knows that Non-Intervention, as far as Germany is concerned, is a farce. And that all Nazi sympathy and support is with Franco.

But how would you account for the following information, evidence of which has reached JOHN BULL from indisputable sources?

Last February *the Spanish Government* was offered, from Germany, two anti-aircraft battery units, complete with eight guns, infra-red aircraft locators, sound detectors, predictors, with associated electrical equipment and ammunition supplies—the whole for £150,000 *sterling* each.

In the same "price list" were 75,000 Mauser rifles, 1936 pattern, described as "complete foot soldier's equipment with one short bayonet in scabbard, bandolier, and one thousand rounds of ball ammunition per rifle," for £13 *sterling* each the lot.

The Zaharoff Touch

Other items were 12,500 Bergen heavy machine-guns and 12,500 light machine-guns, with 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition; 1,000 anti-tank guns "latest pattern," and a "large quantity limited only by order" of hand grenades.

These were described as "latest German Army pattern, being filled with an 80/20 mixture."

For the uninitiated we may explain that 80/20 means 80 per cent. of ammonium nitrate and 20 per cent. of T.N.T.—a more potent explosive charge than the 60/40 which is standard in many armies.

The offer agreed that the whole or any substantial portion of this death-dealing equipment could be loaded aboard German vessels at Hamburg for transhipment off a certain Near Eastern port into vessels chartered by the Spanish Government.

It further stated that bulk samples could be inspected at Hamburg by any agents, provided these agents were not "French, Jewish, or of Spanish nationality."

There is a nice cynical, almost "Sir Basil Zaharoff" touch about the last proviso.

Like the individuals who were selling this cargo, that super salesman of arms would have understood the necessities of satisfying Nazi prejudices and at the same time paying lip service to Non-Intervention—as long as the deal went through.

That offer went through the buying office of the Spanish Government in Paris; and it may now be reposing in the files of Indalecio Prieto, the Minister of Defence, wholly or partly completed.

Can anyone believe that the German sellers of these arms could be unaware that those anti-aircraft batteries might be used against the German pilots flying Heinkels and Junker machines in Franco's air force, could be unaware that bullets from those Mausers and Bergen guns might kill German "volunteers" in Franco's army?

Cash for Hitler

No! And this deal is just another instance, a little plainer and more recent than most of the old armaments racket, of "selling both sides."

Start trouble, keep it going, be the belligerents' pal and cash in—that's the arms makers' slogan.

What's the use of beating swords into ploughshares, they say? There's no profit in agricultural implements and sewing machines like there is in cannon and machine-guns.

From 1918 to 1933 Krupps made sewing machines. So did Skoda, Vickers, and the rest of them.

And very good sewing machines, too. Krupps, particularly, had a patent "ruching" gadget on their machine, devised by one of their technical geniuses, which would run up a babylinen outfit in no time.

It was spoken well of by the people who sell sewing machines to young housewives.

But those were the "quiet times." Fifteen short years.

Now the "good times" have come again. Good times for arms profits—the reaping of what has been sown in the way of international trouble.

Do you think that private arms firms cannot, or do not, make political trouble? There are dozens of cases from past history which prove that they do.

But here is one outstanding example from recent history. It happened in those quiet years. And it concerns the prime trouble-maker of Europe—Hitler.

Bernhard Menne, in his book, traces some of the sources of Hitler's funds during his rise to power.

Most of it came from the Ruhr industrialists through their various associations.

Though none can be traced *directly* to the Krupp firm, its nominees held executive posts in all the associations to which it gave lavish subscriptions.

No money could go out of these funds without the connivance of Krupps.

Some such roundabout way of giving would be expected and typical.

But there is some direct evidence of how Krupps and the other arms firms have helped Hitler's rise to power.

It was given by M. Paul Faure, member for the Creusot division in France, where the great arms firm is situated

Speaking in the French Chamber just after Hitler took over the government of Germany, and quoting from documents, he made the accusation that Hitler had received a loan totalling millions of marks from the French arms firm of Schneider-Creusot, from Skoda, its Czech subsidiary, and from Krupps.

French Iron for Nazis

The money had come as a "loan" from a bank called the Union Européene Banque, which is owned officially by Skoda, and in which the other two hold large financial interests.

Faure's statements have never been denied.

One last point in this connection.

Krupps is excepted from the Nationalisation which Hitler has imposed on all the rest of German industry.

Indeed, the Krupps run their Essen business almost as a State on its own. It is a family affair, conducting its own internal balances of imports and exports.

But look around at the international scene to-day, in the "danger spots," and elsewhere, and you will find dozens of instances of private arms firms in active collaboration with one another.

Last September (just after Mussolini's visit) Krupps, with its German colleagues Thyssen and Kloeckner, signed a contract with the French trust called Comité des Forges, under which 7,200,000 tons of French iron goes to Germany for steelmaking!

One of Krupps' allies, a firm called Stumm, once claimed compensation from the French because it was forbidden to mine iron ore in the great military cemeteries of Metz and St. Privat.

Selling Both Sides

Perhaps this little deal is by way of belated compensation!

Again, last year Yugo-Slavia got large credits for arms from Italy.

Not much cash, but some of the arms came from firms in which are French and British interests.

Then, next door, Rumania, an uneasy neighbour, after clerical speeches about "hearty co-operation," announces a huge new arms factory built with French money.

And so the merry game of "selling both sides" goes on. A mad game for the peoples of all countries.

The present "arms race" may not end in any large-scale conflict. But it may end, when the arms racketeers have had their fill, in large-scale bankruptcy.

There is one way only by which such ultimate disaster may be staved off—the world-wide abolition of the private manufacture of arms.

Destroy the incentive to amass private profits out of war and death, break the power of the Cannon Kings who sow fear and hate for gain, and the world can begin to live.

Campaign of Fraud was Plotted in Prison

"I Confess"—

More dramatic disclosures by a convicted share-pusher

by John Marsden Firth

WHILE serving my sentence for the Kensington Trust offences I was working out a fresh criminal project to be put into operation immediately I was free.

I wrote out the details of the scheme in a notebook which I managed to get smuggled out of Wandsworth Prison.

This notebook was one of the exhibits at the Old Bailey when I received my last punishment—five years' penal servitude.

Released from prison, the first thing I did was to form a shadow company under the name of the Economic Finance Corporation.

Its offices were in Cannon Street in the City of London—a room borrowed from a friend.

Colleagues in the company were two men I met in Wandsworth. Both were burglars.

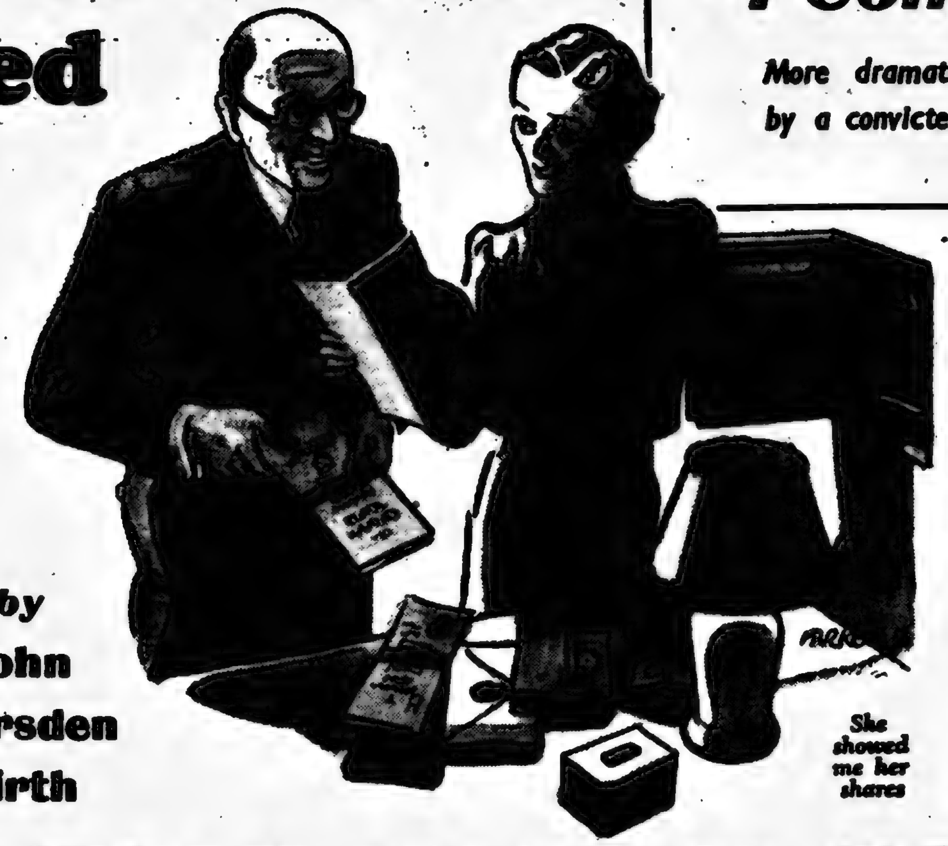
They were more used to a jemmy than a pen.

But that did not matter to me. All I wanted was dummy directors—men who would do exactly as I told them and not ask questions.

While in prison I had managed to write a booklet, "Wealth Through the Ages," and to bring the copy out with me.

How that was arranged I will not say, for if I told the whole story, a prison officer who helped me might easily be recognised.

Later, during my trial at the Old Bailey, the judge described the booklet as a "brilliant little work."



She showed me her shares

Naturally, money was my chief problem in starting the new undertaking.

By borrowings, I managed to overcome the first and immediate difficulties.

I touched various people who had borrowed from me on other occasions. Even the money we used to pay for stamps was a loan.

Eventually we got off the mark with the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd.

Ten thousand circulars and booklets were despatched to a "suckers' list."

I had set the trap. Would the victims walk in?

At first it seemed they would not. The early response was a woeful disappointment.

On the morning when replies were due, only three were received. Two were requests for fuller information of our pool-holding project; the other contained a cheque for £10.

Right then, I thought the Economic Finance Corporation was going to be a "flop."

★ ★ ★

I went out to lunch in very low spirits which even other spirits would not raise.

Returning to the office, my typist told me that while I was out a telephone call had come through from Brighton.

The caller was a woman, who said something about wanting to take sixty holdings.

As each holding was £5, that meant she was thinking of investing £300.

But the typist had taken neither the woman's address nor her telephone number. She had simply made a note of the name.

I could have slain her! But the girl was only seventeen, and it was her first job.

Fortunately for me, however, but equally unfortunate for the woman, her name was rather uncommon.

We had no provincial telephone books in our office, so I dashed round to a post office, and there, searching through the Brighton directory, traced the number and address of the caller.

A call was put through from my office, and the woman herself answered. It would be highly unfair to give her name—Miss "X" I will call her.

Apologising for the absence of myself and "the other principals" when she rang, I said that I understood she was considering taking sixty holdings.

"Yes," was the reply, "that is, if I am not too late."

"Strictly speaking," I said, "you are too late, but in the circumstances I will endeavour to get the Board to stretch a point and let you have the holdings.

"We can, however, give you only until to-morrow morning."

"That is very kind of you, indeed. I will post my cheque and application to-day without fail."

Poor Miss "X." She really thought I was doing her a good turn.

Her £300 cheque arrived next morning, and in quick time it was converted into cash, and the bulk of it used to send out more literature.

Most women are children in matters of business. Miss "X" was probably no exception.

What was more, unless my instinct was wrong, she had considerable means.

At the week-end I travelled down to Brighton with the sole object of making the acquaintance of this woman, and getting what I could out of her.

It was rather like taking candy from a baby.

Having stayed the night at one of Brighton's best hotels, I rang Miss "X" in the morning

It was not policy to hint that I had travelled to Brighton specially to see her. So I pretended that I had come down for the week-end, and had suddenly thought it would be nice to meet this new client of ours.

Miss "X"—unsuspecting—invited me to her home, which was in one of the best residential parts of the town.

As soon as I saw the place I knew I had been right in my surmise that she was wealthy.

She turned out to be an attractive spinster, and about thirty-five, and she seemed rather flattered by my visit—regarding me as a big London financier.

I was not in the house half an hour before she produced her list of investments and asked my opinion of them.

This suited my book admirably, giving me just the information I wanted.

Why are people so foolish? It baffles me.

Here was I, a complete stranger, being given confidences which should have been guarded with the utmost jealousy.

Miss "X" had, among other substantial investments, £15,000 in some of the finest insurance shares in the country, and £6,000 in a sound building society.

★ ★ ★

"I am not a business woman," she said, "but I have been thinking of transferring these shares into something that will bring me bigger dividends. Can you recommend anything?"

My reply was cautious. I said that, while I felt certain I could make suggestions by which she could increase her income, I did not feel that, as a stranger, I was justified in doing so.

"There is always a certain amount of risk," I pointed out.

As I expected, this completely won Miss "X's" confidence.

"I quite understand how you feel," she said, "but don't let that worry you. I am sure any advice you gave me would be good advice, whatever happened afterwards."

We discussed the matter for a time, and then it was arranged that Miss "X" should travel to London on the following Wednesday, and I should meet her at Victoria.

She kept the appointment. So did I.

And before that day was out she had withdrawn her £6,000 from the building society, and had paid £3,000 into a London bank selected to be invested *at my discretion.*

Her money was really responsible for the success of this latest venture of mine, for with it I was able to send out circulars and booklets on a much bigger scale.

People will scarcely credit it, but my share-pushing company became a "member" of the great London Chamber of Commerce.

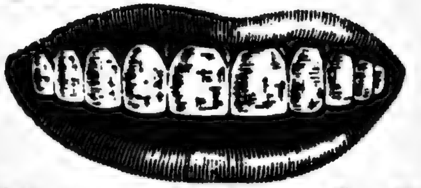
I met a man whom I knew slightly at lunch one day, and in our chat over a drink he told me that he was selling advertising space in the "London Chamber of Commerce Journal."

He did not know me as Jack Firth, the convicted share-pusher, but by another name, and thought I was honest.

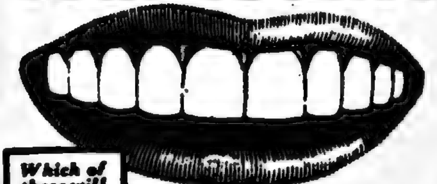
(Continued on page 26)

Choose your tooth-paste and you

Choose



Your Teeth!



Which of these will be a picture of your smile?

Think! Parts of your teeth have less than 1/1000th of an inch of enamel to protect them from decay. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which help to wear enamel away! *Make sure* about your tooth-paste. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least sign of grittiness change at once to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—and that means Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send coupon for free sample tube.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol®

Free Sample. Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.6), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. BLOCK CAPITALS, *please!*

Name ....

Address ....

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SHORT STORY WRITERS · NOVELISTS ·

..in London..in Canada..

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A good journalist has a passport all over the world. Editors everywhere are always on the lookout . . . especially for men and women who are trained—WHO KNOW THEIR JOB!

There is money and pleasure in Journalism and in Story Writing. No apprenticeship, no pupilage, no examinations, no outfit necessary. Writing for newspapers, novels or pictures, is not a gift, it is a science that can be acquired by diligent application and proper guidance. It is the most fascinating way of making pastime profitable. Trained ability only is required, we do the training by post. Let us tell you all about it.

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Department of Literature, No. 263,
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...AND SO TO SLEEP!

Five little pyjama-clad figures climb the stairs and tumble into their cots. Soon five little curly heads nestle snugly on to five pillows and there is a strange silence in the Dafoe hospital—till tomorrow!

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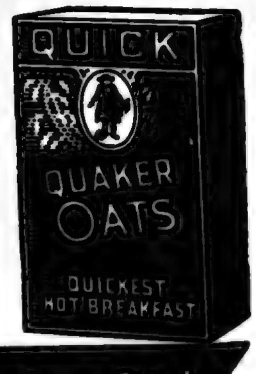
and the "QUINS" will be full of fun again in the morning

What have the Quins been doing all day? Romping in the nursery . . . chasing one another in the garden . . . digging perhaps — using up energy as fast as they make it. But one item in their daily programme is certain—they've had a meal of Quaker Oats.

That's where they get their boundless energy—from Quaker. And this delicious creamy porridge which the Quins love so much supplies the important Vitamin B—so necessary to guard all children, and adults too, against "nerviness," constipation and poor appetite.

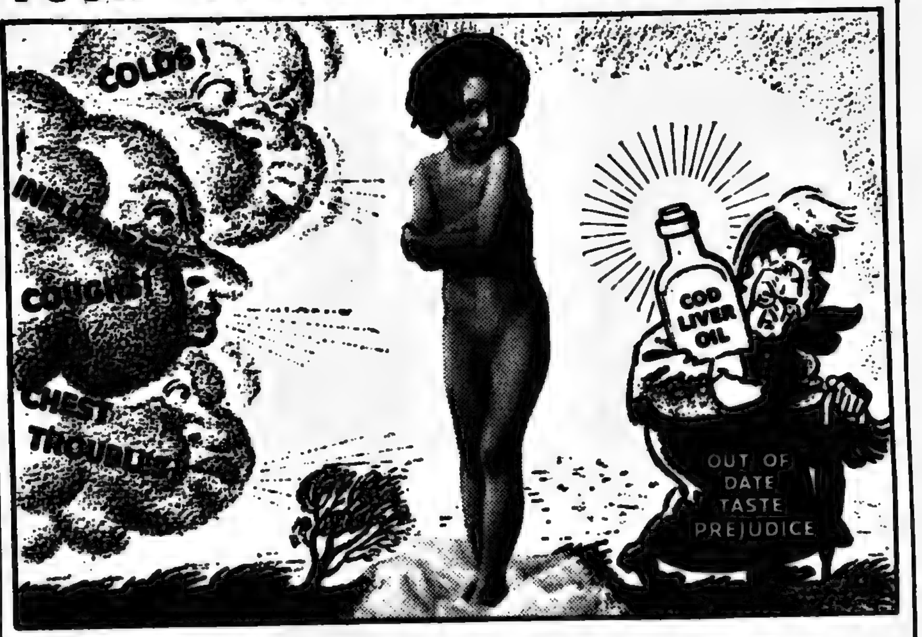
QUAKER OATS



WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE "QUINS" IS GOOD FOR YOUR CHILDREN TOO

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d

DON'T LET AN *Out-of-date Taste-Prejudice* EXPOSE YOUR CHILD TO WINTER ILLS



SEVENSEAS

COD LIVER OIL

is palatable and easy to take

The Ministry of Health says: "You need Cod Liver Oil." What holds you back from following this advice? Nothing but your own childhood's experience of old-fashioned cod liver oils.

But do you know that modern science and modern methods have made this vital winter protection really PALATABLE and EASY TO TAKE—in fact people used to the taste and smell of old-fashioned cod liver oil and modern substitute oils find 'SevenSeaS' *tasteless!* It is just as digestible as bread and butter —and it does not 'repeat.'

You can actually mix 'SevenSeaS' Cod Liver Oil with ordinary foods—vegetables, etc. Not only is 'SevenSeaS' palatable but it is so vitamin-rich that a small dose is sufficient.

The three forms of 'SevenSeaS' are

1. 'SevenSeaS' *High Potency Oil. A pure, natural Cod Liver Oil four times as strong in vitamins as standard cod liver oil. Price* 1/3 *bottle.* 5 drops only required.

2. 'SevenSeaS' *High Potency Capsules,* 25, 50 *and* 100 *capsules.* 1/6 2/9 *and* 5/- *bottle respectively. Each capsule contains one dose—five drops of High Potency Oil.*

3. 'SevenSeaS' *Standard strength. Price* 4-oz. 10d., 8-oz. 1/3. *Protective* dose one teaspoonful only.

To-day, thanks to 'SevenSeas,' no one need forgo the protection of cod liver oil. BEFORE illness strikes, build up resistance with 'SevenSeaS'. Your Chemist sells it.

SEVENSEAS
COD LIVER OIL
COD LIVER OIL

YOU ONLY NEED 5 DROPS

SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

BRITISH COD LIVER OIL PRODUCERS (HULL) LTD, ST. ANDREW'S DOCK, HULL, ENGLAND

How do you Spend your money?

Compare your Household Budget with that of Mrs. Goodman of Wood Green

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman at table, with their children, Olive and Leslie.

Food was always Mrs. Goodman's main problem until she learnt that **ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION**

"MY husband's wages are £3 a week," says Mrs. Goodman of Wood Green, "and out of that I can allow just 19/- a week for food for the four of us."

"I used to find it quite a problem to feed my lot properly for that money. But last year I started using Rowntree's Cocoa, and it really has been a great help. It makes meals go further somehow. I'm told that's because it aids digestion, so that children get more good from their food. Anyway, I know that my two have been growing like champions since I started getting Rowntree's Cocoa."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps children to digest all their other food as well and get more body-building nourishment out of all their meals. Meals with Rowntree's give children extra supplies of energy, and build up their bones, muscles and tissues more quickly.

FREE GIFTS! Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE42, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for **Free Gift Booklet** containing Free Voucher value three coupons.

"I Confess"

(*Continued from page 24*)

I said that I would like to take half a page of space in the "Journal" for my company. He accepted the order, and then suggested we should become members of the Chamber.

There and then I filled in an application form and gave a cheque for the necessary fees.

Later we received a formal intimation that our application was passed.

I had photostatic copies of that communication made and sent out 300,000 of them with circulars.

Good business—for us, for prospective clients would argue "This company must be all right. They belong to the London Chamber of Commerce — financial section."

* * *

Now members of the London Chamber are not permitted to use their membership as an advertisement. Somebody complained about what we were doing.

Another letter came from the Chamber stating there was some mistake over our application for membership and *we were not members.*

By that time we had taken full advantage of the mistake.

When a man with a criminal record is known to be behind a flourishing business the police, not unnaturally, become suspicious.

The City police certainly had their suspicions about the Economic Finance Corporation, but that was all.

So they sent an officer to me with a pointed hint that, while they had nothing tangible against me, they preferred me to operate on territory other than the City of London.

Only a fool would ignore a warning like that, and I transferred without delay to other offices in Southwark Street.

By this time money was coming in at the rate of £3,000 a week.

I had accumulated a personal balance of something like £20,000 and had decided the time had come to spend some of it.

While in prison I also managed to write a booklet

As usual I gave no thought to the day of reckoning. I lived for the moment.

I began to repeat the extravagances of the Kensington Trust days.

Once more I was able to drive around in a Rolls-Royce, one of a fleet of luxury cars I bought.

Then I began to look for a country estate and found what I wanted at Thundersley, in Essex.

It was called Parkfield Paddocks, and cost me £11,000.

My love of gambling extended to the racecourse. I bought four ponies—Eddystone, Buckmast, Royal Ena and the Duke of Monmouth—eligible to run under Pony Turf Club rules at Northolt and registered my colours, mauve and white.

* * *

The appointment of a friend as share salesman resulted in a huge increase of income.

His job was to interview people whose names and addresses were supplied by me, and by glib talk induce them to increase their investments.

As his commission was 25 per cent. he made a good thing out of it. So did I.

One rich man, who had been investing £100 a week fairly regularly, was persuaded by my salesman to hand over to me shares in some of the best companies in the country worth £7,000.

I promptly sold them and paid the money, less commission, into my own account.

Later we obtained from the same man shares worth £23,000.

Do you wonder that I had money to burn?

Perhaps you may ask what I felt about this? Was I remorseful?

No, I was not—unless I came into personal contact with my victims.

But when, as sometimes happened, poor people whom I had victimised came pleadingly to the office I softened at once and repaid them every penny.

Also, I get a little consolation from the fact that, when I had money, I was generous, and gave thousands of pounds away to deserving people and causes.

Unhindered, I continued along my money-strewn path until one Saturday morning my bankers telephoned to say they had been served with an injunction restraining them from paying out any of the company's money.

This was a bombshell. Only the previous evening we had sent out 700 interest cheques, and these would not now be met.

Nothing is more damaging to a business concern's reputation than a returned cheque.

I decided on a bold move. Tracing the solicitors who served the injunction, I rang them up and spoke to one of the principals.

"We understand," I said, "that you have placed an injunction on this company's money. What do you expect to gain by that?

"You may as well know now, if you don't know it already, that this is a crooked firm.

"If you close us down you won't get a single penny of your client's money.

"You must see that. On the other hand, give us a break, and I will see that your client doesn't suffer.

"What I suggest is this: you withdraw the injunction and I will give you post-dated cheques for the full amount of your client's claim, which is, I understand, in the region of £30,000."

The solicitor's reply was that he would consider the matter and let me know.

Half an hour later the same man rang me up.

"We agree to your proposal," he said. "Our only anxiety is to do the best we can for our client, and we realise, in view of what you say, that our one chance of getting the money is to let you carry on.

"We will take steps to withdraw the injunction as soon as the cheques are in our hands."

The cheques were made out and sent round, and the injunction was removed, though not in time to prevent many of the cheques we had sent out being returned "R.D."

Next week :

My body-guard "beats up" rival

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Belisha's Bedside Book

IF you never do right
And you always do wrong,
If your wits are not bright,
Nor your intellect strong,
Then the time has arrived to unleash a
Small coin straight away
That will buy on demand
A life-giving ray,
In the form of a brand-
New beacon designed by Belisha!

This time it is a literary beacon that our versatile Leslie has sponsored, and it is issued by the enterprising publishers (H.M. Stationery Office) who were responsible for such Best Sellers as "Report of Select Committee on the Boll Weevil."

Although primarily for the Army, anyone who cares to separate himself from 6d. sterling may drink of this bubbling fount of wisdom, with the title (vaguely suggestive of crime fiction or a sex novel) "Right or Wrong?"

* * *

The sub-title, "Elements of Training and Leadership Illustrated, 1937," is rather less alluring, but the pretty pictures with which the volume is enriched will appeal alike to young and old.

In case, f'rinstance, a raw recruit does not know a slovenly billet when he (or the sarint-majaw) sees one, there is a picture of such a billet which looks as if it had been strafed by airships and submarines while a Mayfair bottle party was in progress.

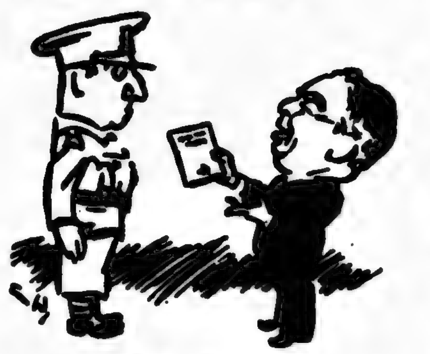
"The many manuals issued in the past," observe the sponsors of this engaging volume, "though admirable in themselves, can hardly have been regarded as other than heavy reading."

* * *

So it has been sought to make Uncle Leslie's Gift Book as simple and amusing as Aunt Louisa's Book of Fairy Stories.

And how much nicer it is for a recruit to learn in print that "Common-sense is the greatest asset" than it is to be informed by an epigrammatic sergeant-major "If you 'ad to rely on your own bloomin' brains you'd die of thirst while locked up in the canteen."

Unfortunately, the book's wise saws are aimed solely at N.C.O.s and privates.



Not a sex novel!

Is it too much to hope that a similarly breezy volume will be issued for the use of Brigadier-Generals and others who have proved on many a hardly lost field that, as the book puts it, "There is a silly way of doing everything"?

But while awaiting this further blessing, T. Atkins will doubtless feel grateful for the boon already vouchsafed him:

The 'eathen in 'is blindness don't understand the way
To 'andle of a rifle an' keep 'imself O.K.;
An' if 'e wants to learn things 'e don't know where to look,
For 'e ain't armed, like we are, with 'Ore-Belisha's book!

No need to ask the sergeant the right way to debuss;
We just look up our treasure, which doesn't bark or cuss.
The rooky, when in trouble, to it can always turn
An' from it's glowin' pages the Facts of Life can learn!

So when you're on manœuvres be sure you cling to it!
You may forget your rifle and 'arf your bloomin' kit,
But all will be forgiven if you don't overlook
The soldier's good companion, Belisha's Bedside Book!

Y. Z.

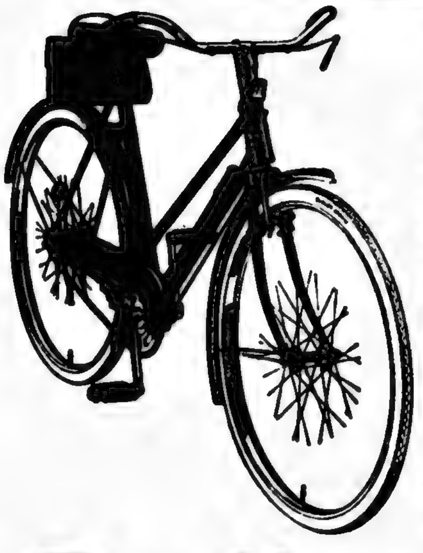
"IT'S A NATIONAL HUNT!"

Housewives all over the country are looking for a way to keep their families happy on simple food, especially now that prices are rising. They ought to know about Pan Yan. It makes even the most inexpensive meals simply delicious. So no one need be afraid of getting grumbles from the family! And besides being such a spicy appetiser, Pan Yan is blended in a special way to stimulate the digestive organs. That's why families who have Pan Yan with their meals are always bright and cheerful!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

"By Hercules! I'm taking up CYCLING this year"

BY HERCULES! SHE'LL LOOK SWEET ON THAT SWEET RUNNING MACHINE
AND I'LL BET HER SWEETHEART BUYS ONE TOO!



HERCULES NEW IMPROVED LADIES' SAFETY MODELS—the most popular and largest-selling Ladies' Cycles in the world! Frame sizes to suit every lady (19 in., 21 in. and 23 in.). Specially low-built Brazed-up Frame enables the rider, when stopped in Traffic, to place *both* feet on the ground. Brilliant New Chromium Plating and Enamelling, New Streamline Front Mudguard, Dunlop Sports Tyres etc., etc.

Ladies' Safety 'CA' as illustrated (cash price) £4. 14. 0
Ladies' Safety De Luxe 3-speed 'UA' (with Hercules Detachable Oilbath Gearcase) £6. 5. 0
Ladies' Sports Tourist 'FA' £5. 0. 0
De Luxe 'PA' (with Hercules Detachable Oilbath Gearcase) £6. 7. 6
(Easy terms from Any Dealer from about 2/- Weekly)
See the local dealer for full particulars.

By Hercules!

I *will* buy Hercules

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM
—the Largest Cycle Manufacturers in the World

Saving made easy

How often have you made a resolution to save and then spent the few pounds you managed to put by? How often on these occasions have you wished for some means of saving which would put temptation out of reach.

PRUDENTIAL ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICIES

offer such a way. It is not only a sure method of securing a cash sum at the end of a certain number of years, but is also a profitable investment. In addition, **your life is insured immediately you have made the first payment.**

Here is an actual example. A man took out a Prudential Policy in 1905. He was insured at once for £1,000 and during the whole of the 30 years from 1905 to 1935 **there was this protection for his family.**

On the 2nd December, 1935, a cheque was handed him for £1,519. He had actually paid in premiums £1,072 . 10 . 0 — **so his profit was £446 . 10 . 0.**

Can you lay out your money to better advantage?

Think it over and fill in and forward this coupon today.

TO THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED
HOLBORN BARS · LONDON · E.C.1

I desire full particulars of your Endowment Assurance Policies.

*Exact date of birth*____________

*Name*____________
(MR., MRS. OR MISS)

*Address*____________

____________ 402

J.B. 12.3 38

It Can Happen in Britain To-day!

Thirty-one years' old William Hargreaves, able workman, married man and Territorial soldier. His work and character in the transport section of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment has the commendation of his officers.

T is legally possible in this country for a healthy, sane and innocent man to be seized in the street, spirited away and held indefinitely bondage far from his home.

Magna Carta, the right of *habeas rpus* and the safeguards for the erty of the subject are of no avail.

Present-day bureaucracy can commit s kind of outrage with impunity.

tead, for instance, what has happened Mr. William Hargreaves, aged thirty-e, of 41, Peel Road, Bootle, Lancs.

You will be dismayed and astonished that the terrible fate which has befallen him has the benediction of the Law.

It is necessary to go back nearly fourteen years to find the origin of the astonishing events of the past four weeks.

At that time Hargreaves—then seventeen—was in trouble with the police.

Playing with younger lads, he climbed the wall of a contractor's yard to fetch a football.

Unfortunately, while on the premises he took two old ledgers, which, he thought, had been thrown out as rubbish.

The boy was not in the best of health, and this was made known to the magistrates, before whom he appeared, in the hope it would induce them to be lenient.

★ ★ ★

No doubt the justices wished to act for the best, and believed they were doing so in the course they took with young Hargreaves.

As it was a trivial and first offence they did not wish to send him to a penal establishment.

They thought that a short period in some other kind of institution would benefit him.

But, as almost always happens in cases of the kind, the lad found himself inside a public asylum, certified as mentally defective.

Many hundreds of boys and girls are disposed of in this manner every year, simply because the laws for the care and protection of the young do not provide alternative methods of treatment, except detention in places with the criminal taint.

Within a few weeks of being taken from his home and parents, Hargreaves was restored to health. He was not, however, allowed to go back to his family.

His father and mother were told by the authorities that, once a young man or woman was committed to their custody, they could keep him or her as long as they liked—indeed, for the rest of life.

★ ★ ★

That is so. A defect in the law gives this extraordinary power to the bureaucrats. There can be no challenge, no appeal.

A great fight began for the release of Hargreaves. It lasted two years.

Members of Parliament found themselves impotent.

Request after request to the authorities to surrender the youth were ignored or turned down without explanation.

He had been made into a good and cheap servant in the asylum where he was prisoner. The wages of an attendant were saved by making him work as a cleaner in the dormitories.

After Hargreaves had endured this confinement and drudgery for two years the authorities gave way. They set him free on licence.

"On licence" is the device invariably used. It means that the person liberated is kept under supervision—and may, at any time during the rest of his life, be taken back into captivity at the whim of an official.

Remember, it is *twelve years* since William Hargreaves was given his freedom. Since then he has led a normal life . . . until a month ago.

The falsity of the supposition that he was in any way mentally or physically unsound was soon proved after his release.

He obtained employment at once in the boiler-making department of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the shipbuilders, and in that and other jobs has shown himself to be a capable workman.

More than that. After the strictest medical tests he was accepted for service with the King's (Liverpool) Regiment of the Territorial Army.

He has been an excellent soldier, serving with the transport section of an infantry battalion.

His officers testify to this and to his high character.

Better evidence of his continued fitness in mind and body could not be given than that, only recently, he was again examined and accepted for a further four years of service with the Territorial Army.

Five years ago Hargreaves married. He has a child of four and his own home at Peel Road, Bootle.

But the shadow of his asylum imprisonment, although it ended twelve years ago, has always been over him.

People who are described as welfare workers constantly kept observation on him and his relatives.

They said it was the process of supervision.

It is no wonder that Hargreaves—a soldier, married, with a home and family, and able to earn a livelihood, resented the intrusion of these officials on his private life.

Often he was reminded that, in law, they still held the whip-hand.

Now see how the lash has been applied.

Four weeks ago Hargreaves, who has been unemployed lately, received an instruction to present himself one afternoon at the offices of the Unemployment Assistance Board in Bootle.

★ ★ ★

The purpose of the summons, he assumed, was to arrange for his attendance at a Governmental instructional centre for the workless.

He went to the Ministry of Labour offices on his bicycle.

About an hour later the man's wife was horrified when a policeman called and asked her to go to the town hall and take away her husband's bicycle.

Hargreaves, she was told, was in custody, but the officer could give no explanation.

Mrs. Hargreaves rushed to consult her husband's brother, and together they went to find out what had happened.

They were taken to a cell, where Hargreaves was imprisoned under police guard.

Permission to enter the cell was refused them. Wife and brother were only allowed to speak to him through an iron grating in the door.

Hargreaves told them that, a few minutes after his call at the Ministry of Labour offices, he was approached by two police officers in plain clothes.

They said they had orders to detain him until an escort arrived from the asylum in which he had been incarcerated for his youthful prank fourteen years ago!

An hour later a saloon car drove up. Mrs. Hargreaves saw three warders descend.

They went into the cell and took her husband away . . . to an asylum fifty miles from his home!

There he still is.

More shocks were inflicted on Mrs. Hargreaves after her husband was removed in this extraordinary manner.

When she went to one set of officials to seek an explanation of the incredible circumstances in which her husband had been taken from her, she was told they had been informed he was an escaped convict!

No doubt they had this information and passed it on sincerely.

But a hideous blunder had been made by whoever supplied it.

A few hours later the tortured wife was given another story. It was that her husband was an escaped lunatic.

This, of course, was another frightful mistake on someone's part.

And the explanation of this iniquity?

No more, say the authorities, than that they do not consider Hargreaves has been subject and amenable to "proper supervision" during the twelve years he has been at liberty.

★ ★ ★

They are deaf when informed that there is no need for official supervision of any kind on an adult married man who is a Territorial soldier, a good workman and living in his own home with a wife and child.

The law, they point out, gives them full power to do as they have done. They can keep Hargreaves for as long as they choose.

Also, they are unmoved by the fact that their action has made his wife and child so destitute that they have had to become paupers.

It is time that the law which countenances these things should be torn up. Hargreaves should be freed without delay.

CHILDREN
must NOT
COUGH

The child of to-day has few chinks in its armour, but the lungs are easily the weakest spot. Smoky air—worse to-day than it has been for a generation — clogs and ckens the lungs of the city child. ientific dieting and careful upbringing engthen the bones and are excellent for general health, but the lungs are out of ht. Do not let "out of sight" mean out of mind."

r children especially a preventive course Famel Syrup is a timely precaution. th its base of soluble Lactocreosote scovered in the Famel Laboratories) mel Syrup is a wonderful antidote to ugh and cold germs. Carried by the od stream to the lungs and breathing sages, it gets right to the root of the uble and drives out the germs from hin, while certain tonic constituents l and re-vitalise the damaged tissue. mel Syrup brings instant relief, and—ch more important — recovery, rapid l complete.

.B. TO MOTHERS. Orange e, laced with Famel Syrup, is a nightcap t most children really enjoy.

FAMEL
SYRUP Brand

es to the ROOT of your COUGH
a bottle now from your chemist
(1/6 or 3/-) – and be prepared.

KEEP FIT . . . RULE No. 1
Good wholesome
home-made food

Serve these good
wholesome DUMPLINGS
with your next stew

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
Cold Water
½ teaspoon minced parsley
Crushed herbs to taste
2 teaspoons BORWICK'S

Sift flour, baking powder, herbs, and salt into a basin. Rub in butter lightly with fingers. Add parsley, and enough water to make dough hold together. Drop by spoonfuls into any stew, whether cooked in a pan or casserole.

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
The best in the world. 3/38

MEGGEZONES
PASTILLES FOR ALL THROAT AFFECTIONS

Infection enters through nose and throat. Meggezones antiseptic vapour kills germs at once. They soothe the membranes and stimulate the vocal cords. Prescription endorsed by the Medical Profession. In handy vest-pocket tins.

Sold by Qualified Chemists only.

Famous for 140 years

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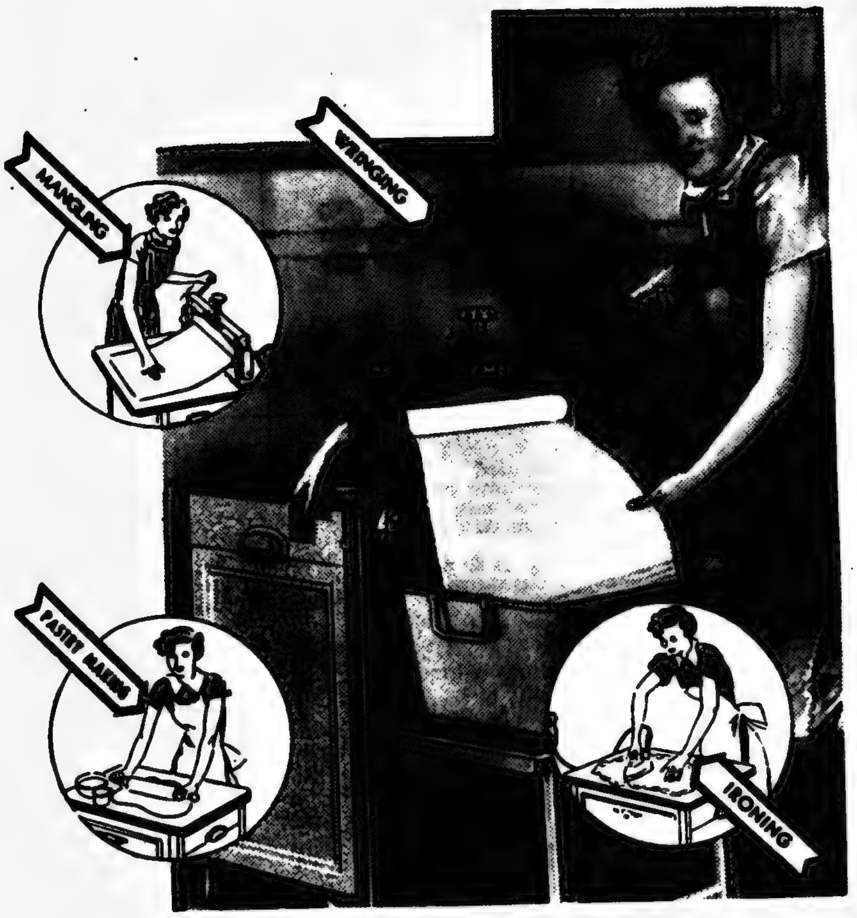
FREE You can obtain a free sample of Meggezones by sending your name and address on a post card to J.B. 3, Meggeson & Co. Ltd., Llewellyn St., London, S.E.16.

MEGGESON & CO. LTD. LONDON S.E.16

"YOU SEE I'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING IN ONE.."


MANGLING
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PASTRY MAKING
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"and I've got a really handsome piece of kitchen furniture as well! It's in service every day of the week and it doesn't need a man to move it—I can open it up for action myself in about half a minute . . . It centralizes all my kitchen work. Yes, I prefer the grey mottle finish. But you can have a blue, green or an oak finish if you prefer it. And of course I'm covered by the generous ACME 10 year free replacement guarantee. The price? Four guineas and well worth it."

CASH PRICE 84/-

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GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

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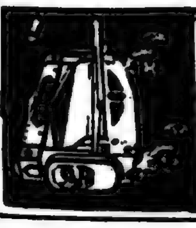
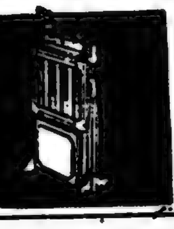
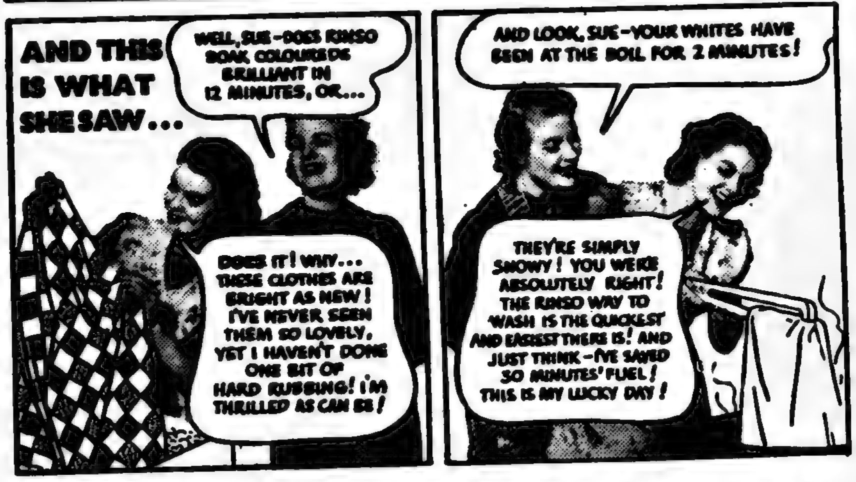


IF YOU ARE SHORT OF SPACE choose either the ACME *'Folding'* model at 69/6 or the ACME *'Portable'* model at 43/- for the 16 in. size or 39/- for the 14 in. size. For literature giving details of all three ACMES write for Booklet 4C, to ACME WRINGERS LTD., DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.



Susie wasn't sure
But I always rub and scrub clothes hard!...I can't be sure of getting a clean wash any other way!
Nonsense, Sue! You don't catch me doing any hard rubbing nowadays! I boil whites for 2 minutes — soak coloureds for 12... and my whole wash is brilliant! I'll get the Rinso and show you..
-till she saw for herself


AND THIS IS WHAT SHE SAW...
WELL, SUE—DOES RINSO SOAK COLOUREDS BRILLIANT IN 12 MINUTES, OR...
DOES IT! WHY... THESE CLOTHES ARE BRIGHT AS NEW! I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM SO LOVELY, YET I HAVEN'T DONE ONE BIT OF HARD RUBBING! I'M THRILLED AS CAN BE!
AND LOOK, SUE—YOUR WHITES HAVE BEEN AT THE BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES!
THEY'RE SIMPLY SNOWY! YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! THE RINSO WAY TO WASH IS THE QUICKEST AND EASIEST THERE IS! AND JUST THINK—I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!

ABSOLUTELY *DAZZLING* WHITES—ABSOLUTELY *BRILLIANT* COLOUREDS . . . IN HALF THE USUAL TIME

And Without Any Hard Rubbing!

LIKE SUE, there are thousands of women who mock at the very idea of being able to get clothes clean as swiftly and easily as the new Rinso methods do.

And then what happens? A friend proves it to them.

They see the clothes put straight into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. And that instead of being rubbed or soaked beforehand, any extra-dirty places are simply dampened and a little Rinso sprinkled on and smoothed in. They see the clothes brought to the boil and boiled for only 2 *minutes!* And then, before their very eyes, the clothes come out dazzling! Yet about 30 minutes' worth of fuel is saved!

They see how perfectly the Rinso 12-minute soak works, too. The coloured things are put into hand-hot Rinso suds and allowed to soak for 12 *minutes*. After 12 minutes they are so beautifully clean and bright they don't need one bit of hard rubbing!

All-Round Saving!

Now, after seeing these wonderful results, the most sceptical women are convinced! They swear they will never use anything else but Rinso for washing clothes! And no wonder!

With Rinso, you'll get your clothes clean without any hard rubbing. Think what a saving of energy that is for you! And think how much longer your clothes will last. No hard rubbing to wear thin and patchy places in them and weaken the threads. And there's another wonderful thing about Rinso: it's as economical as it's quick. It does the wash entirely alone. You don't need to use bar soap, flakes or any other washing powder with it. And because Rinso is so *safe*, it's absolutely splendid for washing-through the very finest silks and woollens.

Follow the lead of hundreds of thousands of women throughout the country. Insist on easy, economical washdays. Insist on brilliant clothes-lines. Rinso will give you all these things . . . yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

2 MINUTES' BOILING *or*
12 MINUTES' SOAKING
is all you need with

RINSO

R 2495-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

PLUS dogs are always gay dogs

that's why it's wise to give 'one Bob Martin's once a day'

Always in the best of spirits, always a cheerful companion, a *plus* dog is never 'under the weather'. His daily Bob Martin's keeps him fit in spite of restricted exercise on rainy days, and the richer, greasier foods that winter brings him.

By purifying his blood, these famous powders protect him from the common winter blood disorders such as listlessness, scratching and loss of appetite. And because his blood is pure, a *plus* dog grows a thick warm coat which is proof against winter's worst wind and rain.

Begin to-day to give your dog his 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. Make him a *plus* dog and he'll show you what a happy, lovable fellow he can be when he's *fit*.

If your dog is out of condition

If your dog is scratching, listless or suffering from any of the other common blood disorders, such as loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes, he will need special treatment. Follow the directions given in the Bob Martin packet and soon he'll enjoy glorious *plus* dog health.

Sprinkle the powder in a little milk, or on his food, or drop it dry on to his tongue. Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless. In packets, 6d. & 1/-, from all chemists, dog shops, etc.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

for better health, better coat, better spirits

Human Documents

by Philip Inman

"I could forgive a man almost anything except ingratitude."

Carlyle.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind, As man's ingratitude."

Shakespeare.

The Curse of Ingratitude

MANY of my readers know the bitterness of ingratitude. One woman writes:

We have a daughter, who is now nineteen, and she is the only one left to us out of our family of three.

Naturally, we have given her everything in our power. In fact, we have kept ourselves poor so she might have a splendid education.

Six months ago she earned her first salary and from that time she changed, finding fault with everything.

One day she annoyed me so much I told her that if she thought she could do better elsewhere, she could go and try.

Imagine my surprise when she packed up and went. I told her I did not mean what I said, but she would not stay.

I did not know where she had gone, but after a time I found out she was living with the parents of a boy with whom she was keeping company.

When I went to the house his father ordered me away. My letters get no replies and twice when I have gone up to her in the street she has cut me.

What can I do? My husband has aged terribly since she left and I hate to see him so upset.

I think he blames me for her going away. I feel sometimes that I shall go mad, for she was the light of our home.

I am desperately sorry for this woman. It is hard that her one remaining child should act in so cruel and callous a way.

My hope is that she may discover her folly and give her parents some of that affection which is their due.

The trouble, I fear, is aggravated by the people with whom she is now living.

Difficult to understand their attitude, for surely, as parents themselves, they should know what my correspondent and her husband are feeling. I suggest a letter should be sent to them, pleading with them to use their influence to persuade the girl to return home.

Should that fail, is there not some responsible person who could intercede?

Of one thing this woman can be sure. Sooner or later the girl will realise all the sacrifices her parents have made for her.

I hope that day may be soon.

NOW there is the other side of the same problem.

A girl of twenty-three writes that she is the youngest of a family of seven, four of whom are married, and that she has always stayed at home, as her mother has never been strong.

Her letter continues:

Since last May mother has been in bed continuously and I look after her as well as attending to everything in the home.

One of my sisters, who is in business, helps to take the burden off my shoulders and although neither of us are angels, mother is always telling the married ones our bad points and never mentions the hundred and one things we do for her benefit.

My sister and I have come to the conclusion that we ought to go away and then perhaps we should be appreciated.

The last thing I want you to think is that we are casting mother aside in her old age, as I have even refused marriage to stay with her.

But if only she would show just a little appreciation it would make things much easier and happier.

When I was a young man I had a hard employer.

A friend who worked with me said this about him: "We don't want to be told continually what good chaps we are, but one pat on the back in a year would help to make our work worth while."

This girl would, I am sure, endorse those sentiments. She has sacrificed everything — even marriage — for her mother, and her reward is many brickbats instead of a few bouquets.

It is time other members of the family did their share.

I suggest she should try to arrange a family conference, when she can emphasise that the mother is theirs, just as much as she is hers.

And it is the duty of them all to provide something to pay for her care and attention.

ANOTHER daughter sends me this letter:

I am married and live three hundred miles away from my old home, so I can only see my parents once a year.

On my last visit, two months ago, I had a terrible shock.

Mother has always been so kind, patient and loving, indeed all that a mother should be, but now I find she has wronged my father by getting into so much debt she does not know which way to turn.

All insurance policies have been sold by her, and she has even withdrawn money from the bank which had been saved for their old age

Father has lived for his family, and our home was always an exceptionally happy one.

What do you think I ought to do?

You see, father has not been at all well recently, and if the trouble leaks out I am afraid that the humiliation and disgrace might mean his end.

Do you think I should tell him the truth myself or let matters take their course?

My brothers and sisters are not in a position to help much financially.

Why has that mother contracted those debts? Strange that one who has been so splendid should get into trouble so late in life.

If I knew the reason I might be able to suggest a remedy.

If it is through lack of sufficient housekeeping money, then it is obvious that expenses must be cut down and economies effected.

But if it is through extravagance, then the cause of that extravagance must be removed.

What should my correspondent do about it? I certainly do not think it is her place to tell her father.

In his present state of health it would be a pity if he were worried.

But if he has to be told, it is her mother's place to do so.

My advice is to find out exactly how much her mother owes, and then explain the position to her brothers and sisters. A little help from them all would ease the situation.

She could then communicate with the creditors and ask to be allowed to pay by instalments.

Not long ago an SOS was broadcast asking a young man to come to my hospital, where his mother was dangerously ill.

When he arrived it was too late, for she was dead.

I wish some of my readers could have seen his distress.

In broken words he said, "I might at least have written to her." I hope the man mentioned in my next letter may read these words. It is his sister who writes to me:

We are a family of five and we have a dear old mother, nearly ninety, who has been blind for the last two years.

A married brother lives about a hundred miles away from here, yet he never comes to see her or even writes.

This is mother's only worry, and it seems hard to understand, for there has never been any quarrel.

What would you advise me to do? We have written time after time to let him know how things are, but he never sends any reply.

Do you think I should tell him exactly what I think of him or let it remain as it is?

He is in a good position and could afford to send a little present, as my mother has only her old-age pension.

But it is not that she wants—it is just his love and remembrance.

TO neglect his mother in this way is, as my correspondent says, "hard to understand."

I don't advise her to write the letter he deserves.

He lives just a hundred miles away. That, in these days, is no great distance. Could not his sister go to see him?

She could tell him how anxiously his mother is waiting for news of him.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

MISS H. M. BAGNALL

Miss Hilda M. Bagnall, Probation Officer for Women and Children for the City of Stoke-on-Trent, has drawn our attention to the article "Family Almost Spirited Away" in our issue of November 20 last.

She complains that one of the inferences to be drawn from the article was that she acted outside the scope of her authority with regard to the family of a woman who had been before the local magistrates

We wish to make it clear that it was never our intention to make any such implication, and if anything we published tended to cast any reflection on her work as probation officer, we offer her our sincere apologies.

"A very sensible idea too; nothing looks so attractive as white enamel paint. But how do you keep it looking so fresh?"

"Oh, quite simply. I use Min Cream, which removes the dullness from old paint in no time and makes it glisten like new."

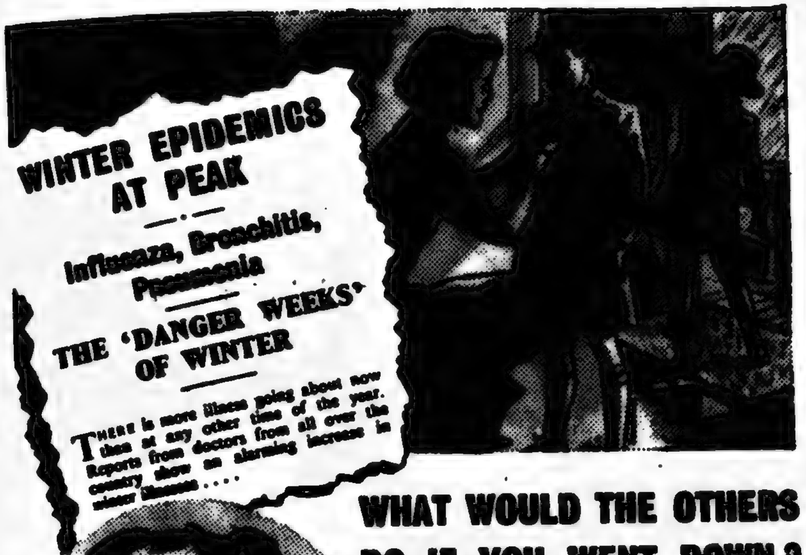
[illegible]

Tins 6d. and 1/-

MIN CREAM

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD. CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4

NO MOTHER CAN AFFORD TO BE ILL!



WINTER EPIDEMICS AT PEAK

Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia

THE 'DANGER WEEKS' OF WINTER

THERE is more illness going about now than at any other time of the year. Reports from doctors from all over the country show an alarming increase in winter illnesses . . . .

Illness has struck. Madness not to go to bed. But . . . . . .

'Who will look after them if you cannot leave the house?'

WHAT WOULD THE OTHERS DO IF YOU WENT DOWN?

Women over thirty! Wives, mothers! Which of you is *really* independent? Which of you can allow yourself to go ill, when others rely on you?

But are you taking extra care to protect yourself in these danger weeks of winter epidemics? Overwork, lack of sunshine, lack of fresh vegetable diet—it's now, in the last, worst weeks of winter, that they're taking their heaviest toll! Germs will attack just as soon as you let your resistance down! You owe it to yourself—you owe it to those who are dependent on you—to protect yourself before it is too late. Drink in the sunshine vitamins of Wincarnis—the great tonic wine. New blood for old—the surest protector against all winter ills. You can *feel* Wincarnis doing you good!

DOUBLE ANXIETY OF CONVALESCENCE

In convalescence, all your defences have been sapped, your strength is at its very lowest. If new germs attack now, it will mean complications. Cold after cold leads to illness at its worst! *That's* when influenza, bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia start. 'Take it easy and take Wincarnis', says the doctor—the tonic of new health, the wine of New Life!

Out in all weathers. Never a day's illness. She's a Wincarnis fan. She's taken it every winter for years.

TAKE CARE

TAKE WINCARNIS

The Wine of NEW Life!

3/3 or Champagne-quart size 5/6

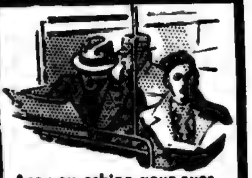
Provide for Your future comfort and independence with attractive insurance

—fill in the coupon on p. 27 for full particulars

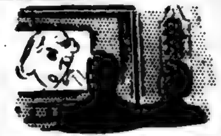
FREE

The most fascinating book ever written about eyes

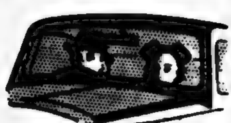
In this 'real life' story your eyes tell you all about their everyday adventures and problems. They tell you how to look after your sight, how to enjoy it more, how to make it *last*. Get this book and read it now.



Are you asking your eyes to do hurdle jumps every day? (see p. 11)



How many thousand feet of film do your eyes follow in an evening? (see p. 15)



How does high speed motoring add to the problems of your eyes? (see p. 13)

★ *Send postcard for "The Only Pair of Eyes in the World" to The Optical Board of Publicity, 12 Cork St., London, W.1. Or ask your optician.*

Comfort and Value

with satisfying durability

10/- WITH ORDER

You have only to sink down into the luxurious, deeply upholstered cosiness of the Berkeley Superlax to realise that you have found comfort which will give you *lasting* contentment and pleasure. For Berkeley Superlax comfort is *different*. The patent automatic action gives you the perfect position of ease to suit every mood—upright, resting or lounging—there is no adjustment to make, no need to get out of the chair! The Berkeley Superlax is supreme in VALUE too—a continual source of satisfaction. It is designed to suit everyone—tall or short. The amazing low price is only possible because it is made in the great Berkeley factories—the largest in the Kingdom devoted solely to Upholstery—a triumph of specialisation and huge output.

IN B QUALITY COVERING

CASH PRICE **72/6**

or 75/-:—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £6 : 2 : 6

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful & durable Coverings. Back & Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within seven days. FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

Genuine Berkeleys cannot be obtained from any other furnishing house.

Fully Patented No. 414464.

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COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

John Bull ____________________

Your Liberty is Menaced by the BOOK OF BANS

The white man's burden is now a mass of petty laws that Parliament has never passed

Do You Know that you can be fined and imprisoned under laws that Parliament and your local law-makers know nothing about?

Do You Know that if you own property which is not "near" Crown or local authorities' land it can be made the subject of a "compulsory purchase order" to-morrow?

Do You Know that if you are a tenant on such a property you may be turned out of your home at the bidding of some obscure official, whose purposes are backed with legal powers which have never been passed by the House of Commons?

These powers grow and multiply from day to day. And they use apparently measures like enquiries and Departmental Committees as breeding-grounds.

One of this year's "blessings" from His Majesty's Stationery Office is a huge volume called "Statutory Rules and Orders." It looks a bit like a tombstone.

It is a tombstone—on the liberty of all of us, and it can be yours for £3 10s. If you can afford that sum and the time to struggle through the several thousand pages, you will find out where those liberties have gone.

* * *

A Committee exists, for example, appointed by the Ministry of Labour to "regulate" wages and conditions of work in the retail trade.

Net result will be a host of regulations, under the control of eighty-three "dictators," which will bear down on everybody who sells an apple across a counter or from a costermonger's barrow. They will boss 1,800,000 people with Ministerial "Orders." Known as the National Council of the Retail Distributive Trades, forty of these "dictators" will represent employers and forty the workers. The other three, appointed by the Minister of Labour, will have no connection with the industry, and one of them will act as chairman.

It is further recommended that their powers be as wide as possible.

Fall in population provides the Ministry of Health with an excuse to appoint an army of "Peeping Toms" and to devise a flood of rules which will compel you to disclose your most intimate domestic relationships.

Why and when you had children are questions they want to ask—and if not, why not? If you refuse to answer you will be treated as a "hostile witness" and penalised.

There have been dozens of public campaigns during the past few years about centuries-old laws—the Lord's Day Observance Act, for example—which many believe are attacks on the liberties of the *modern* public.

But few seem to have noticed the new kind of law-making, born in Whitehall offices, which is a hundred times greater in quantity and ten times more destructive of liberty than anything that ever came out of Westminster.

We must make the year of 1938 the beginning of a mass onslaught on what the Lord Chief Justice has denounced as legislation "by clerks in a third-floor back in Whitehall." Recently a petition was sent to the Minister of Transport by sixty M.P.s begging him to scrap some of his Motoring Regulations.

Some weeks ago a deputation representing a County and District Council visited the same Minister to protest against a Roads Order which would drive a road through some of Britain's last and most perfect commons and beauty spots

This project was to have gone forward without so much as a "by your leave" from the residents of the district, who, furthermore, would be handed a large slice of the bill to pay.

According to one of the members, residents noticed some strangers on the common taking levels and driving in survey pegs.

Enquiries by the local Council elicited that members of the Council staff had been given information about a projected road, but this information had to be kept secret even from members of the local authority!

Protest meetings were held, and the upshot was the deputation. Under such united public pressure the Ministry has promised to "reconsider" driving a road across this site.

Had it not been for the vigilance of a few people, picks and shovels might now be at work, and the inhabitants presented with a ruined common and a road they did not want.

Britain needs more protests like this. Let us hope that it is just the start of a tidal wave that will deluge on the heads of the Government.

Ministry of Transport, youngest of all the departments, has been the busiest in churning out this new type of legislation.

Consider the now notorious Road Traffic Acts. There are *six* of them, which, in the Statute Book, occupy 123 sections and five schedules, and more than 130 pages of close print.

Such Acts have produced a further monstrous brood of more than 300 Orders, all created in the *offices* of the Ministry and each carrying all the weight of penalties laid down in the original Acts.

Some of these Orders are as lengthy and bewildering as the Acts, and not 1 per cent. of them, in spite of all the penalties they carry, have been subject to any approval by Parliament.

Many are crazy—like the Order which punishes the driver of a licensed goods vehicle if he goes out without a log-book, but ignores the offence if the vehicle is unlicensed.

Again, there is the ridiculous and tyrannical Order which gave the police powers to test a vehicle's brakes without the owner's knowledge or consent.

After magistrates in Lancashire and half a dozen other counties had dismissed cases through the bad phrasing of the Order, public outcry brought it to the attention of the House of Commons. The House slung it back at the Ministry—a fate which most of this jerry-built legislation would share if it got so far.

But as it is, the public must grin and bear this office legislation, or go to the courts and fight it at their own expense—with little or no hope of success.

In the past the individual had some safeguard against Departmental Orders. He could go to the courts and the judge might hold that an Order applied in such circumstances was beyond the Minister's powers.

Yet in hundreds of instances to-day that safeguard has been swept away. A clause has been slipped into the original Act saying that the making of an Order under it should be conclusive evidence that it was within the Minister's powers.

Nothing will stop the growing despotism and muddle of the Ministries except to put an end to this law-making by Whitehall clerks and to restore that privilege and duty to Parliament, where it belongs.

The last attempt to bring this about was killed by the present Government. Lord Sankey's Committee on Ministers' powers, appointed in 1932, flatly demanded that every Bill conferring legislative powers on Ministers and all Orders made thereunder should be brought before a Standing Committee of the House for scrutiny.

However, those recommendations, like the protests of great judges like Lord Hewart, have been ignored.

Nothing but a prolonged and intense public outcry will now force any action from the Government.

BETTER with A.G
Try it and see!

A.G. is the paper used by men who mean to get the best out of their smokes. *This* paper definitely does make tobacco smoke better—try it and note how much cooler and better-flavoured your cigarettes are. And you'll find them easier on your throat—no paper taste or chemicals in A.G., nothing to spoil that flavour the tobacco blender meant you to have. So remember—A.G.—insist on it—it's worth it but costs no more.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS Now packed in 3 styles
THE IMPROVED AUTOMATIC PACK
COSTS NO MORE

THE KEY TO INTERNAL WARMTH
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NIPITS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Clinic relies on 'Honey-Syrup'

For generations mothers have found home-made honey-syrup an amazing cure for children's coughs and bronchitis, and even to-day, doctors endorse the honey-syrup formula. Dr. A. F—, Physician to a large London clinic, writes: "I feel I must write again regarding the good results I am obtaining with 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup. Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

You see, 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup is the *triple-action* cough remedy. With pure, harmless cough specifics added to the good old-fashioned honey-syrup, it means instant death to germs; it quickly loosens phlegm, stops irritation in the throat, and soothes and heals soreness and inflammation. *One dose* will stop a cough immediately. Take this Clinic Doctor's advice and always give your children 'Pineate' (brand) Honey Cough-Syrup, price 1/6 a bottle at all chemists.

GASTRIC ULCER

Doctors' advice proves successful

Here's an instance of how gastric ulcer can cause alarm to the sufferer. This woman's life was imperilled. But read what happened:

"Maclean Brand Stomach Powder saved my life. I had an ulcer which burst and caused hemorrhage. I was put on the powder by two doctors and have taken it daily since; on no account must I leave off. It has been a wonderful thing to me, and I advise anyone suffering from stomach trouble to use it."—Mrs. B. G. (Maidenhead).

That's what this nation-praised remedy is doing every day of the year in serious stomach trouble! But your own case is probably less far gone. Then imagine how certainly and quickly MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will put *you* right! Its alkaline constituents will go straight to the *cause* of your trouble, relieving pain, soothing, healing. The corroding excess acid is neutralised, noxious gases and poisons are cleared away. Very soon the poor stomach will be on the way to complete health again. But—look for the signature—"ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is genuine only when this signature is on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

STORMY WEATHER

IT was early in the morning when the storm broke over the countryside near Battle, in Sussex.

Lightning struck the wireless aerial of a reader living in the village, and his wireless set was badly damaged.

But the mishap entailed no loss to the owner of the set, for he had wisely registered under our FREE Insurance Scheme.

He made a claim, and it was duly paid.

This is what he wrote to us:

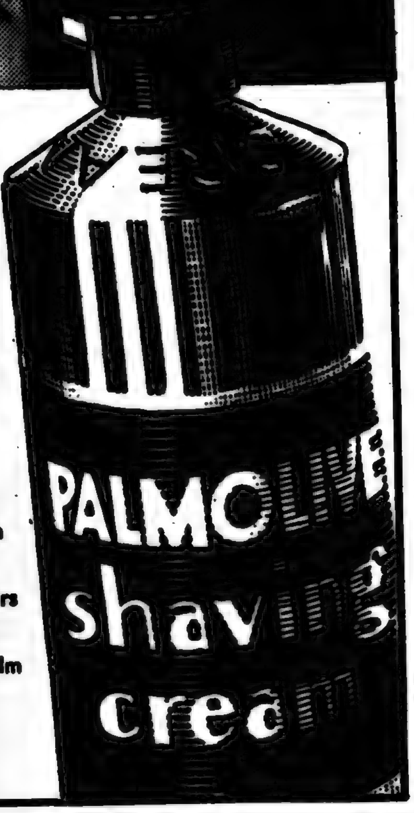
"Your letter and cheque received to-day. I want to thank you very much for your generosity in meeting the whole cost for repairs to my wireless. What a friend JOHN BULL is, always ready to help those in trouble. The wireless dealer did the repairs and we handed him the cheque to-day soon after receiving it."

* * *

Once again we would remind you that JOHN BULL is the *only* newspaper in the whole world to safeguard its readers against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, as well as giving many Accident Benefits.

Fill in the coupon on page 5. It is only the work of a moment, and it may save you weeks of worry.

MOST MEN LOOKED THEIR BEST THIS MORNING—THANKS TO THE OLIVE OIL SHAVE!



Ask the man who always looks well turned out and he'll tell you that nothing can soften a tough beard like Palmolive's olive oil lather. Or give such a soothing after-shave comfort! And that's due to the palm and olive oil content in Palmolive too! Already Palmolive has the biggest following among shavers. And that well-groomed look is catching—because these five points about a perfect Palmolive shave are catching the eye of more men every day.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6d. AND 1/-

Use
Snowfire
Tablet
to heal rough
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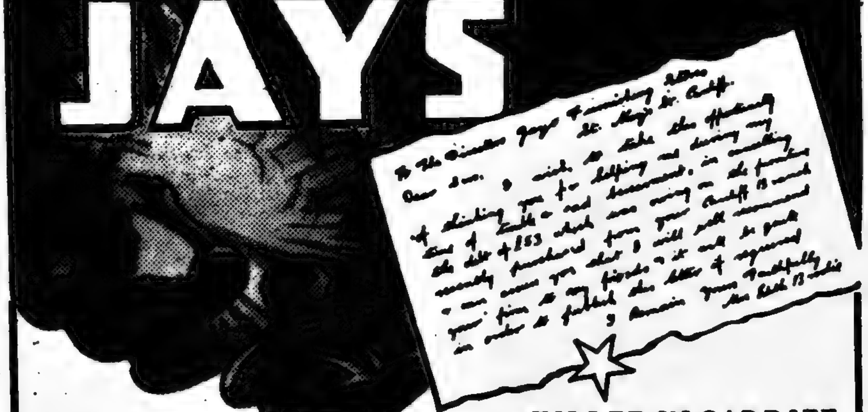

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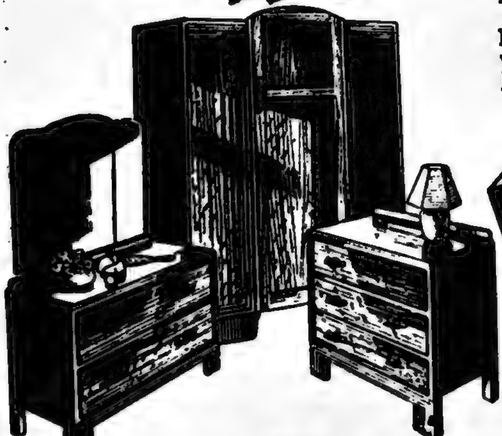

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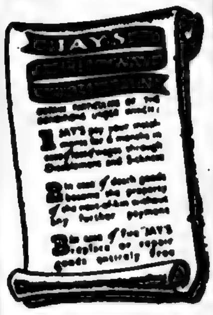

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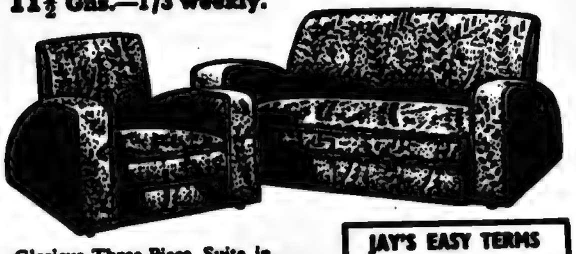

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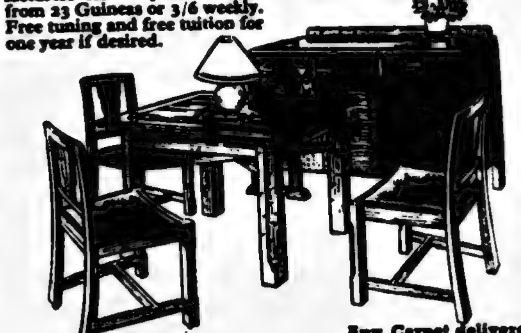

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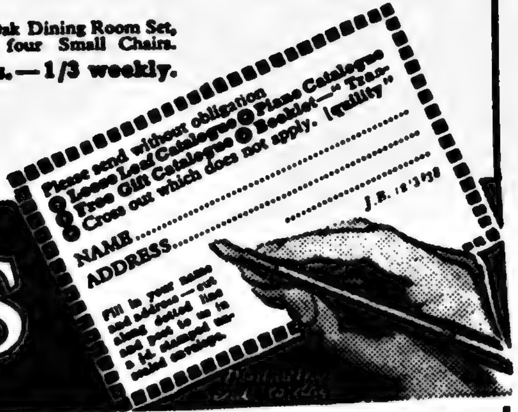

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170 OTHER BRANCHES

Bottle Party

(Continued from page 21)

Arnold Ridley, author of "The Ghost Train"

Here is news for fiction lovers!

Recently JOHN BULL persuaded Walter Greenwood, author of the celebrated play, "Love on the Dole," to write a short story bringing in the characters of the play.

So many readers enjoyed the story that JOHN BULL has persuaded other famous dramatists to follow Mr. Greenwood's example.

Among them are the authors of such huge successes as "Ten-Minute Alibi," "Private Lives"—do you remember the film with Claudette Colbert?—"While Parents Sleep," and "The Ghost Train."

The series, the most novel of its kind ever published, will begin next week.

In short, a great treat is in store for every reader!

hurrying on her way from the *Superbe* Cinema round the corner.

Often he had said "Good evening," apologising for the impertinence by touching his gold-braided cap.

She wondered if he knew her escort of to-night?

But of course he did. What had the young man said? "I always go to the Eden. . ."

"Do I love him? Could I, already?" she thought.

"That day in Oxford Street it was just as if it was—was—pre—what-is-it?—destined. And he's crazy about me. There's no doubt of that!"

They had passed each other that day in Oxford Street; turned back; gone into a snack-bar.

"What's your name? Pam. Very well—just Pam. And mine's Antony—just for a while. Meet me day after tomorrow. . . ." And then, "Come to the Eden. Good fun. Why do girls like you get married to the wrong men? Have a night out!"

And here she was. Night out!

Stolid in the path of her entry stood that commissionaire; and, indeed, he looked surprised!

"Good evening, miss," he said almost sharply. "You're not going in?"

"Of course I'm going in!" she answered pertly.

He said something funny or sarcastic which she did not hear, and she slipped by him, looking eagerly—and hoping she did not show her eagerness—for Antony.

There he was—lean, slim, blond, smiling, superior; in a waisted blue lounge suit; with nothing to do but amuse a girl.

"This is grand," he said. "Now we'll talk and talk——"

"And dance and dance!"

"You poor little thing! You're starved for fun."

Already the air was heavy in the Eden; thick with smoke; and soft brayings from the band; and mingled scents.

★ ★ ★

It was an underground place, brightly and realistically decorated, no doubt; but so dimly lighted that it seemed an unreal, mystic world.

Wholly synthetic. She and Antony took a table which evidently awaited them.

Yes, obviously he mattered here!

Two half-empty bottles, duly sealed, were before him. One held gin, one whisky.

He explained to her the ways of a Bottle Club. She hated gin and she hated whisky; but, of course, she would accept either.

He ordered sandwiches with a lavish air. There was a tiny circle of cleared floor, and they got up and went and swayed and wriggled there, with as many other people as could squeeze on to it.

"How well you dance, dear!" Antony murmured right against her ear. And people kept crowding in. There were bottles and bottles and bottles.

Every table was a regular little bar of its own.

Two entertainers took the small space of dance-floor, and played and sang songs which . . .

"My goodness!" she thought.

"Best entertainers in the West End," Antony murmured into her ear.

"I don't know what my husband would say if he could hear them!" she managed to giggle.

"And we don't care!" Antony said. "He must be an awful wet! Fancy a fellow like that having a fine girl like you!

"Why, he ought to be dam' glad and proud to take you to a place like this every night!"

She found her hand in his; her arm lying in his arm; then his arm about her waist, as they sat on the long cushioned seat against the wall, their bottles before them.

Hours went by. It was hazy; it was a dream; it was all very funny and upsetting; she loved and adored Antony, with his thin, fair face and supercilious eyes, and all his wonderful worldly wisdom and——. A *scream*. The scream thrilled up Pam's spine. It was as if a rough hand tore her from a dream, so that she awoke from the spell of the night as a startled child may wake to an unknown terror.

She sat upright, gripping harder at Antony's hand without knowing that she gripped, and saw through the haze that the dancers had stopped dancing, though they were still hugging each other, on the floodlit floor.

The floodlit floor made an extraordinary pool of light from which looked up faces, changing in a moment from surprise to curiosity, to derision, to anger, to frenzy, to fear.

And here and there against a pillar tall men stood up as if signposting for the other men who were running down the uncarpeted stairs.

And staring, staring, with her heart beating up in her throat, she saw that the men running downstairs were policemen.

"God!" Antony shouted; but others shouted now, indistinguishably, so that only she heard him, so near her ear.

"*What is it?*" she shrieked at him.

"A police raid, you fool!" he shouted back. "Can't you see?"

"Police? But . . . oh, Antony, please! please!"

He tore his arm from her; shook her off.

★ ★ ★

His face froze; his eyes were still; his mouth shut tight.

All around them now people had jumped up. A babel—a loud babel—of voices filled the whole place. Waiters ran. Bottles crashed. The orchestra stopped.

Now it seemed to Pam that she saw a hundred awful things at once.

Those tall men in dinner clothes who had shot up so suddenly from their tables here and there beside pillars—plain-clothes men!

Detectives! And oh! Oh, God! hear the women screaming!

See that maniac—no, it wasn't a maniac, it was the head waiter—just now, so suave and busy and somehow cunning—who had hacked through to the orchestra and jumped on the dais, and raised his arms like a conductor and shouted—one saw his open, contorted mouth—to them to play! Play! Play!

So that into the other turmoil crashed the music again; loud—very loud.

Trombones, saxophone, drums, going for all they were worth. And she saw girls pulled by—losing their feet in the surge of people—with their dresses literally torn off them.

Then Antony was on his feet, back pressed to the wall. Pam shot up beside him, clutching at his arm.

"You'll get me out?" she was screaming. But, of course, he couldn't hear her even if he wanted to.

People surged all about them, knocking their table against their legs; ex-

(Turn to page 38)

The Greatest of These

Mary

DURING the war Mary's father was gassed four times, wounded in the head by a bullet, and was also injured by shrapnel.

The last time he worked was six and a half years ago. He is always in suffering, and sometimes it makes him rather strange.

Under the strain of fending for her home, Mary's mother has twice broken down.

"Between my illnesses," she says, "I have tried my best to provide for my family's happiness, but now I am being treated for an internal illness.

"My youngest daughter has a diphtheritic throat, though luckily, through inoculation, she has missed diphtheria. I have nursed her almost without rest.

"Mary, my eldest daughter, has her legs strapped up most of the time. She is frail and falls easily.

"Thirty-three and sixpence a week is our whole income.

"Rent is in arrears, and I owe for coal and groceries.

"What is worse, I have had to pledge some bedding, and now my husband's one decent suit—which he has saved carefully for eight years—and his overcoat are in pawn."

When she has been able to work, Mary's mother has been employed as a machinist.

Her employers report: "For years she and her family have had a very hard time, and, in consequence, have not been able to get the necessary food.

"We have known her for the last twenty-three years, and have always found her highly respectable. We do not know of any case so deserving of help."

Donations earmarked "Mary," or for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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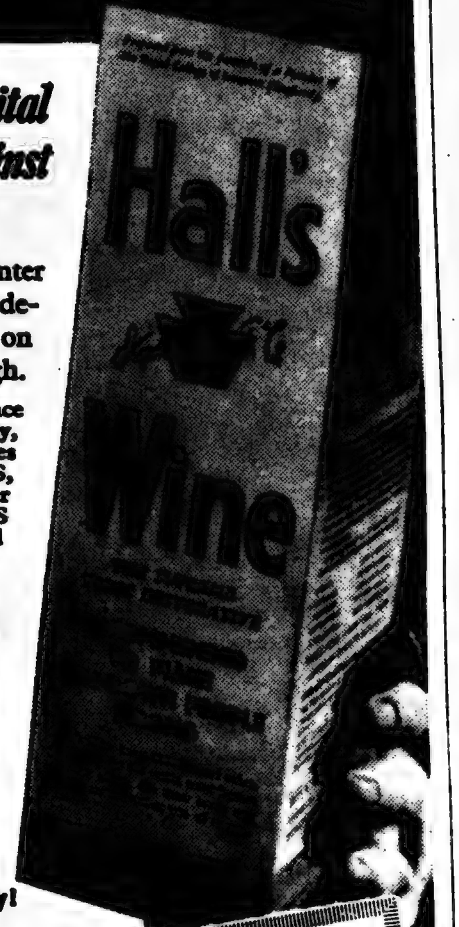
A Doctor's Advice to YOU!

You must build up the vital defences of your body against the attacks of Winter



There's no question about it! Winter finds all the weak spots in your defences. But you can always rely on HALL'S WINE to pull you through.

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TESTIMONY

Mr. T. V. L., Notting Hill, writes 9/6/37:—"I am a terrible sufferer from Asthma and Bronchitis and have tried every known remedy to ease it, without result. I was highly recommended to try your wonderful cure and I got ease at once."

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Turn to Page 37—

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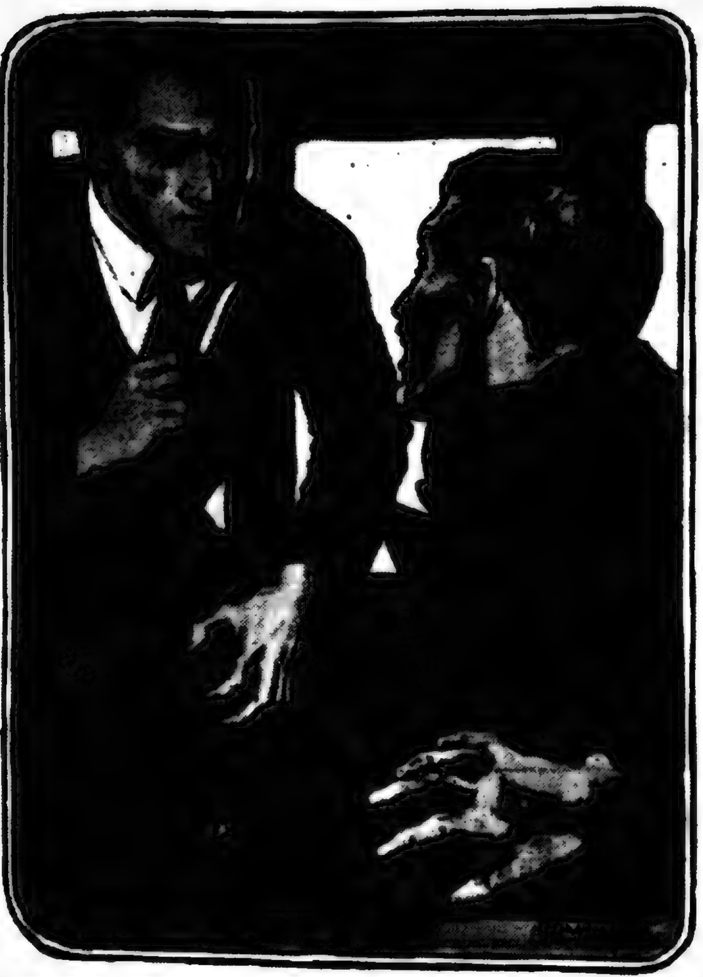
Short Story

THE MAD "SURGEON"

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 300,823, Mr. D. Grant, Ground Flat, 30, Elsham Road, London, W.14.

by D. Grant



"Right," he said, and advanced towards me, scalpel in hand

WHEN I selected my carriage in the Reading to London train it was empty.

I was on my way to London to meet my brother, who was returning to England after four years in the United States.

Naturally, I was in high spirits, and the possibility of my meeting a rather terrifying adventure on the way was far from my mind.

Then, just as the train was about to leave, a stranger got in. I welcomed him, for I am a social being, and I always like company, no matter how short the journey.

I couldn't help noticing after a while that there was something odd about the man's appearance.

He was rather tall and thin, and his clothes were of the cheapest and drabbest material I have ever seen.

They were grey and coarse like those worn by the inmates of a poor law institution.

Yet his face had those clear-cut features one always associates with good breeding, and I could not help feeling that he had seen better days.

What impressed me most about him were his eyes. They were small and grey, with a queer, intensified light. His head movements were jerky, suggesting a lack of nervous control.

First he stared at a picture with abnormal interest; then jerked his head sideways and looked out of the window, fixing his eyes on some other object.

* * *

When he had been in the carriage a little while, I became aware there was something wrong. The atmosphere had suddenly become sinister.

Gradually my pleasant speculations about the reunion with my brother were pushed into the background, and a feeling of apprehension filled me.

It was as the train was racing through Maidenhead that the awful realisation that the man was mad came to me.

His behaviour had become more strange, and he kept on mumbling incoherent phrases which, as far as I could make out, concerned operations.

"Yes, yes, yes, I must operate—operate," was the part I understood. His eyes rolled, and flecks of white foam appeared at the corners of his loose mouth.

Yet he did not appear aware of my presence in the carriage.

We had just passed Slough when I saw him look at me for the first time. It was a fixed, lustful look.

Curiously, his face seemed to soften, and he looked more like a normal man.

To say I was uncomfortable would be putting it mildly.

I didn't know whether to start a conversation, stare him out, or look the other way. But he saved me the trouble of deciding.

"This train," he said in a cultured voice. "Why is it so devilishly slow?"

Since the train was travelling at about sixty miles an hour, there was no doubt he was crazy. There was only one attitude to adopt, as far as I could see—humour the man.

"I really don't know," I said. "They are always the same on this line."

"But can't something be done?" he asked impatiently. "In five minutes the inspiration will have flown like a bird—nothing will remain.

"Then the world will lose the greatest surgical discovery of our age."

I didn't know what to say to that. In the end, I said, "Is that so?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, "that is so."

He was breathless and excited. Then he stood up and felt in the pockets of his coat.

He seemed anxious and flurried. At last he brought out a chamois leather case.

Placing this on the seat, he unrolled it, and took out a surgeon's scalpel and a syringe. Then slowly looked me over.

"Right," he said, after a long pause, and advanced towards me, scalpel in hand.

My first impulse was to jump up and pull the alarm cord.

* * *

It flashed across my mind that if I did that it might jeopardise my safety, for while I was doing so he could easily stab me.

Jumping to my feet, I held up my hand as a warning. "Just a minute, doctor," I said, suddenly inspired.

He looked at me in surprise. "What is the matter?" he asked gravely.

"Matter," I repeated. "Why—why everything is the matter." I had gathered by now he had some crazy idea that he had to operate on me. And somehow I had to stall him.

"You, you can't operate here," I said quickly. "You must wait until we get to the hospital."

"But I can't do that," he said, quite reasonably. "If I wait until then, it will be gone—the inspiration will be gone. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," I replied. "I understand, but don't you think that—that the swaying of the train will upset the precision of your cutting."

"By Jove!" he explained. "So it would. That didn't occur to me."

I sighed deeply. He seemed calmer now, and reflective, and he stood before me with his arms hanging limply.

His position gave me the opportunity I had been looking for. The train was slowing down now.

"Look," I said, standing up and pointing to the gliding landscape. "The train is stopping. You will be able to operate now."

"Yes, yes," he agreed eagerly. "Get your things off—we haven't a moment to lose."

* * *

There was no use trying to stall him by talk any longer. I began to play for time by fumbling with my clothes.

But as I was unbuttoning my coat the train started to gather speed.

"It's no good," I said, "the train has started to speed up again."

"Then the train must stop!" he shouted. "It must stop or the inspiration will be gone."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "You are right. The train must stop, and there is only one way I can do that, doctor. That is by pulling down this chain."

I pointed to the alarm chain.

"Do it at once," he added.

I never thought twice about it. The train came to a standstill with the screeching of brakes.

A minute later the guard and other people were outside the carriage. They took the man into custody.

Of course, he was an escaped lunatic. He had apparently stolen the scalpel and other things from a doctor's car.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

WATCH THE ROYALS

GRAND NATIONAL favourites are two-a-penny. The so-called rehearsals have shown that Pontet and Drinmore Lad have feet of clay.

First impressions will have to be revised, and it may be that the JOHN BULL selection will have to be kept for the Code.

At the moment of writing there is a doubt about Royal Mail running, but last year's winner, who did us a good turn at 100 to 6, is one of the few horses who have not been discredited.

Others are Dunhill Castle, Royal Danieli and Blue Shirt.

Remembering that Forbra, Gregalach, Kellsboro' Jack and Golden Miller scored when seven years of age makes me take a second look at Royal Danieli. He may be another Troytown.

For the Spring Double, I have coupled Peter Kane and Royal Mail, and Mythical Ray and Royal Danieli.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, March 10, to Wednesday, March 16.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

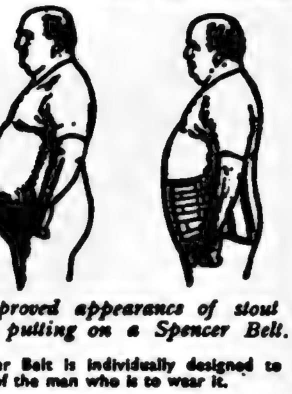
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T P 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd. 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
EDINBURGH: 128a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25693
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., Clifton, 8. Bristol 24801
MANCHESTER: 38a, King St., 2. Blackfriars 9075

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

BAD LEGS! suffering ended

Unequalled for
Bad Legs
Ulcers
Whitlows
Boils
Carbuncles
Piles
Chilblains

Trial size 6d.
1/3d.
and 3/-

If your leg is swollen, puffed up or has open wounds, there is deep-seated poison under your skin. Grasshopper never fails. It goes to the root of the trouble, draws out the poison, reduces inflammation and permanently heals. Get it today! 6d., 1/3 and 3/- from all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or direct from Grasshopper Ltd.

GRASSHOPPER BRAND OINTMENT

60 years' reputation

G. GRASSHOPPER LTD., 9 Bromells Rd., S.W.4

NEWS TO ALL SUFFERERS from CYSTITIS

'CYSTOPURIN' brings quick, miraculous RELIEF

(Regd. Trade Mark)

For thirty years 'Cystopurin' has been prescribed by Doctors exclusively; for the successful treatment of

CYSTITIS
RHEUMATISM
GALLSTONES
ENLARGED PROSTATE
COLITIS
BOILS and CARBUNCLES
AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE
KIDNEYS & BLADDER

"AFTER ONE WEEK I FOUND A GREAT IMPROVEMENT."

Dear Sir,—I have just recently come from hospital, having been troubled over 3 years with chronic cystitis. I have just had a cystoscopy operation, and I believe there was something wrong with my prostate gland; but I am glad to say that I feel a lot better now.

The symptoms were burning and scalding when passing urine, and a frequent desire to pass urine. The main reason that I was interested in 'Cystopurin' was, just before I went into hospital my doctor gave my wife a bottle of your 'Cystopurin' tablets and told her that my urine would change its colour, and I had not to get alarmed. After one week I found a great improvement. I recommend a lot of my fellow patients in the hospital to give them a trial. Wishing you every success in the future,

I beg to remain, yours gratefully,
(Signed) NORMAN TURNBULL,
238, Westmorland Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"My Rheumatism is much better."

Dear Sirs,—Recently I had trouble with my kidneys, and decided to try treatment by 'Cystopurin.' I purchased 40 tablets, and after taking 20, according to instructions, I felt quite relieved, and could make water without trouble.

I am 70 years old, and even my rheumatism is much better these last three weeks.

(Signed) "Merchant" (retired).

CYSTITIS SUFFERER "Saved from a Long Illness".

Dear Sir,—About 4 weeks ago I had pains in the small of the back, and my water was very cloudy-looking, and offensive to the smell. The abdomen was inflamed, and as I passed a little blood, I immediately became alarmed. Having had Cystitis twice before, I knew the symptoms, so I thought I was going to have it a third time, but having heard about 'Cystopurin' tablets I thought I would give them a trial.

I can definitely say that within four days my water was clear, and the pains round my back had gradually disappeared. I can safely say that your tablets saved me from having a long illness.

(Sgd.) "L.B." (Clerk), S. Lambeth Rd., S.W.8.

"Suffered Pain of Kidney Stone for Years."

Dear Sir,—Your 'Cystopurin' Tablets have done me more good than anything I have ever tried. After the first dose I began to feel the pain going. I have suffered the pain of a kidney stone for years, and several doctors wanted me to go to the hospital, but I shall go on taking your tablets. They are worth their weight in gold.

(Signed) "Mrs. T. W."

"Enlarged Prostate greatly benefited."

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the brochure concerning the 'Cystopurin'. It supplied the information required. I have been taking them for 3 years on my medical man's advice. *My trouble is prostate gland.*

I have derived great benefit from them and take them every day.

(Sgd.) H. Sayer (Mr.),
68 Lindley St., Acomb Rd., York.

THE KIDNEYS ARE A FILTER

The function of the kidneys is to filter away nitrogenous waste and other impurities from the system. But if the kidneys are not working as they should, proper elimination of waste products cannot take place. When this happens, painful disorders such as cystitis, rheumatism and backache soon develop.

WHAT 'CYSTOPURIN' DOES

To Clear Up Kidney and Bladder Disorders.

Almost every ailment of the kidneys and bladder is either caused directly by unhealthy urine, or aggravated by urine which is allowed to remain unwholesome. Under conditions of this kind, a urinary antiseptic is essential, and for the last thirty years doctors have been recommending '*Cystopurin*' brand of urinary antiseptic as the safest and most effective that can be used. '*Cystopurin*' disinfects the urine from within, so that all poisonous waste products are naturally passed out from the body. '*Cystopurin*' flushes the bladder—keeps the kidneys clean.

To Help Cure "Catarrh of the Bladder".

The bladder, just as the nose, can suffer from chronic catarrh. This is known as Cystitis, and may be caused by an enlarged prostate gland, a stone, or by the inflammation of nearby organs. Whenever this condition exists, the bladder is a source of infection that may spread, with serious complications if the urine is allowed to stay foul and unhealthy. A course of '*Cystopurin*' will usually clear up the symptoms completely in a fortnight.

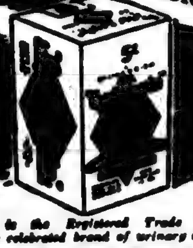
TO BRING RELIEF TO VICTIMS OF RHEUMATISM.

'*Cystopurin*' attacks both main causes of rheumatism—bacterial infection and excess of uric acid—at the same time. When people are healthy, uric acid is passed away in solution in their urine. In cases of rheumatism, however, much of this uric acid is changed to an insoluble body and retained in the system in the form of painful, sharp-edged crystals.

'*Cystopurin*' is a safe brand of internal antiseptic which acts through the blood stream, disinfecting the whole system. At the same time it helps in the elimination of the salts of uric acid, so that they can be naturally passed from the body by the healthy working of the kidneys and bladder, and so quickly relieves the rheumatic pains for which these crystals are mainly responsible.

CYSTOPURIN

(SIS-TOE-PEW-RIN)



The word 'CYSTOPURIN' is the Registered Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., and denotes their celebrated brand of urinary antiseptic.

£1,000 Guarantee

that we will return your money if you are not completely satisfied. In order to prove our faith in the effectiveness of 'Cystopurin', we now make you this offer. Buy three 1/3 tubes of 'Cystopurin' (or one 3/- bottle) and use them as directed for your particular complaint. If, when the tablets are finished, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your condition, simply return the empty bottles to GENATOSAN LTD., Loughborough, Leics., and we will refund their cost in full.

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Get '*Cystopurin*' tablets from your Chemist to-day. They are put up in tubes price 1/3, and bottles at 3/- and 5/-. *The 1/3 size is specially designed for carrying in the pocket.*

FREE BOOKLETS. *We have a number of Booklets, each dealing in some detail with one of the complaints set out on the Coupon below—and its treatment by 'CYSTOPURIN' tablets. To obtain the booklet in which you are interested—*

CUT OUT & POST THIS COUPON NOW

To GENATOSAN LTD., ('*Cystopurin*' Dept. J.B. 27), Loughborough.
Please post to me, free of charge, a copy of your booklet on the subject I have marked with an X.

☐ RHEUMATISM
☐ CYSTITIS
☐ GALLSTONES
☐ ENLARGED PROSTATE
☐ COLITIS
☐ BOILS & CARBUNCLES

Name..
Address..

A GENATOSAN PRODUCT SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS - YOUR ASSURANCE OF PURITY

M&C

RHEUMATISM
IS DUE TO KIDNEY TROUBLE

Only a remedy specially prepared to act on the Kidneys can really do you good!

Rheumatism is directly due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys are allowing pain-causing impurities and poisons (especially excess uric acid) to accumulate in the system. These pain-causers lodge in the joints and muscles, irritate sensitive nerves, and thus you have pain day and night.

The only way to end your pain is to cleanse the kidneys and enable these vital organs to carry out their natural work of driving pain-causing poisons from the system. Only a true kidney remedy can do this. The quickest, surest way to prompt kidneys to rid the system of the cause of your Rheumatism, is to start taking the finest of all kidney remedies—De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

In 24 hours from taking the first dose of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills you have proof-positive they are helping the kidneys. This is not a matter of faith but a matter of fact.

Why stay crippled with pain, feeling and looking too-old before your time. Here is Nature's way of banishing the cause of Rheumatism from your blood. Get a supply of De Witts Pills to-day. Their action is quick, safe and certain. Quick relief from pain and permanent benefit—that is the blessing offered you by this wonderful kidney remedy.

DE WITTS BRAND KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

and end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of MAN ZAN BRAND PILE REMEDY.

Get Quick Relief from Indigestion

UNDER normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when breakdown comes, when the tragedy of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia looms before you, that you realise what good digestion really means.

Modern civilised conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked food, hastily eaten food, over-indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, daily bring fresh victims to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles. From the first dose you will get quick relief, and continued use will bring permanent relief—as it has done to thousands of others.

Do not wait until strength turns to weakness, until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain. Take De Witt's Antacid Powder now before you become a miserable, irritable, chronic invalid.

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

1/6 of all chemists Double size 2/6

Bottle Party

(Continued from page 34)

claiming, screaming, shouting, pushing towards the door, but all were being steadily—so it seemed—pushed back from it.

Wild with astonishment and fear, Pam saw that Antony was going to leave her if and when he could.

He would leave a girl to fend for herself. And it was surprising—the brute strength he had in that elegant body.

Although he was pushing and shoving with the rest, it was not on her behalf.

Bruised, battered, terrified, she caught at him, and again and again he flung her off.

* * *

The elbow he drove into her ribs hurt her so badly that her breath went.

She saw the police helmets in the surging crowd—not the men, but the helmets. They looked, somehow, inexorable.

One thought gripped her mind. I'll have to give my name—Jack's name. Oh, God, help me!

A great bulk wedged itself into a cleft in the crowd near her, flattening her against the wall.

She recognised it for the Mongol doorman with the good British name of George.

Funnily enough, his little pig eyes were directed on something close to her.

He was battering his way towards Antony.

Antony was down beneath trampling feet. George shouldered his way on, struck Antony terrible blows with a bottle.

Then George was leaning over her.

"You—you gotta weddin' ring. Married—good man, eh? Get out, you fool. Get home!" he shouted.

In a louder voice he said, "Worm along this wall to the orchestra platform.

"Trap-door at side of platform; push it in, get down the ladder.

"You'll find a passage and a door out into the area. Run! Beat it!"

She shrieked back in George's face, "I saw what you did."

"Yes, and I've seen you here," he answered. "Remember it. I've waited my chance of bumping him one some while." His burly form masked her as she wormed her way, behind the crush of tables, to the orchestra dais.

Still masking her, George kicked out behind him, and neatly his heel caught the trap-door.

Below was a faint light, and she slid to the bottom of a short ladder.

The trap-door closed, and she heard the din above her going on as she ran to the exit, and stumbled up some area steps into an alley way.

Curiously enough, she had her black coat hugged in her arms.

She stopped to put it on in a deserted doorway, and pulled the beret out of her bag.

Presently she was in Shaftesbury Avenue, passing the shop-window where the blue dress had been.

But she did not glance aside.

She was thinking of Jack's name—Jack's good name.

He had given her the name for her own—to honour and cherish.

She kept listening for the pursuing feet of policemen; but the streets were quiet except for a few loitering people, whose looks she didn't like.

It was after three o'clock in the morning, and she knew what she had to do.

Walk as quickly—and sedately—as she could to Vauxhall Bridge Road, and get an early tram—a "workman's tram"—home.

It was a long walk in her high-heeled, cheap little slippers, and before the end of it she could feel the "ladders" running down each silk stocking.

But she did not care. As she went she rubbed off some of her make-up.

Eventually she came to a place where men were washing a street with hose-pipes.

She held her handkerchief under the water and ran on, hearing the men laugh and call after her.

Then she washed away her eye-shadow and the mascara from her lashes, peering into the tiny mirror from her bag under street lamps.

For the first time in her life she was afraid of policemen, and avoided them as best she could.

Then tram-lines, and finally home.

If the neighbours saw her come in!

But they didn't. She and Jack were on the ground floor of the block of flats, and she let herself in without noise.

She rumpled her bed as if it had been slept in, changed her dress for a print overall, laid the breakfast, and lighted the gas-fire in their living-room.

Next she dropped Margery's key into an envelope, marked it "key only," and slipped out and posted it.

Then—and then only—she made herself the cup of tea for which she craved.

Bottles were not in it beside that longed-for cup of tea.

Jack came in punctually from his night-duty in the Euston Road, with a cardboard box under his arm.

She ran and kissed him.

"You look fagged out," he said. "Hope you and Margery didn't hit it up too much last night."

"I didn't go at all."

"But why do you look——"

* * *

"I just couldn't sleep. I was worried about *us*."

"Why, you little silly!" he said, and gave her a good shake and a good hug. Then he sniffed the sausages sizzling, and smiled, for he was very hungry, and tired too.

"I've been thinking about us as well. . . . I even thought about that darned blue dress . . ."

He ripped open the cardboard box, and there the dress lay, folded in wads of tissue paper.

". . . and I asked them to put it by for me. I paid a deposit a week ago. Sent a postal-order for the rest yesterday, and the box was waiting for me at the hotel when I got there last night. So, you see!"

She kissed him, and hugged him too, longing to break down and cry and cry, and say, "*I've seen a man murdered.*"

But she only faltered. "I—I dare say I ought to—to have a baby instead."

"Make it both," he said gruffly. "I'll get a rise next month."

Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

DEVELOPING the principle, which I introduced last week, of group bankers for penny pool entries, there are two problems to be solved.

Firstly, the headings of the results in each group must be forecast, and then, using the Tables published last week, the group entries have to be combined into the markings for your coupon.

If you have kept a record of past forecasts and results, you are equipped to tackle the first problem.

Suppose your records show that, on average, two out of three of your home forecasts have been correct.

Then, obviously, these games should be forecast in threes as 2 homes and 1 draw, or 2 homes and 1 away.

Table 1, published last week, gives the lines required for this cover.

I recommend using your own records, if available, because they are a measure of your forecasting ability, and therefore indicate the margin of error you should allow.

Failing these records, I recommend the use of the Home Strength Order.

This is simply a list of the matches in the pool arranged, like the Graded Guide, in order of likelihood of the home team winning.

This Home Strength Order gives a definite guide to the expected make-up of results of groups of matches, if we know the average accuracy of forecasts in the past. This is where I can help you.

Usually about half the penny pool matches result as 1's, the remainder being nearly equally divided between x's and 2's.

Rearranging the results in Home Strength Order shows, as expected, that the 1's mostly appear at the top of the list and the 2's near the bottom.

The following Tables show the group results which have occurred most frequently in Home Strength Order for penny pools:—

Table A. (3 match groups):

First 3 matches: 2 homes, 1 draw, or 2 homes, 1 away, or 1 home, 2 aways.

Last 3 matches: 1 home, 2 aways, or 1 draw, 2 aways, or 2 draws, 1 away.

Table B. (4-match groups):

First 4 matches: 3 homes, 1 draw, or 3 homes, 1 away, or 2 homes, 2 draws.

Last 4 matches: 1 home, 1 draw, 2 aways, or 1 home, 2 draws, 1 away, or 2 draws, 2 aways.

Table C. (5-match groups):

First 5 matches: 4 homes, 1 draw, or 3 homes, 2 draws, or 3 homes, 2 aways.

Last 5 matches: 1 home, 1 draw, 3 aways, or 2 homes, 1 draw, 2 aways, or 1 home, 2 draws, 2 aways.

The other matches, those in the middle of the Home Strength Order, are usually a mixture of 1's, x's and 2's.

So that you can tackle your favourite pool in this way, here is an example of building up a 12-line entry for the 12-results pool.

The numbered Tables referred to are those published last week.

Having worked out the Home Strength Order, we can divide the games into three groups of four matches each.

Table B above shows that the most frequent group-heading for Matches 1 to 4 (Home Strength) is 3 homes, 1 draw, and therefore Table 3 (4 lines) is selected.

For the last four matches, use Table 4 (6 lines) to cover these games for 2 draws, 2 aways.

The middle group of four is likely to result in a mixture of 1's, x's and 2's, and so Table 5 (12 lines) will be suitable for this group.

Next step is to combine the lines for each group into the final entry.

The complete combination of Tables 3, 4 and 5 would require 4 by 6 by 12, equals 288 lines.

Therefore, in making up the complete 12-line entry, we have to take a chance on the most correct lines in each group coinciding with each other, and build up the entry as follows:—

Home Strength: Matches 1 to 4, Table 3 used 3 times, 12 lines; matches 5 to 8, Table 5, 12 lines; matches 9 to 12, Table 4 used twice, 12 lines.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, March 12, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

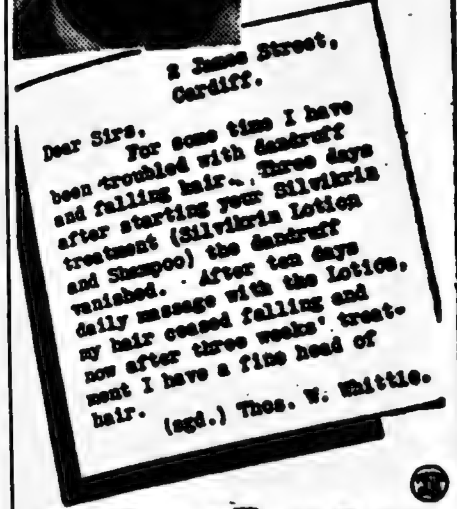
79	Airdrie v. Forfar.
55	York v. Port Vale.
53	Mansfield v. Aldershot.
48	Cowdenb'th v. St. Bern'ds.
46	Dundee U. v. Brechin.
45	Tranmere v. Darlington.
41	Raith R. v. Albion R.
39	Ayr v. Hibernian.
38	Sheffield U. v. Plymouth.
37	Brighton v. Newport.
36	Tottenham v. Chesterf'd.
33	Q.P.R. v. Notts C.
30	Bury v. Norwich.
29	Dumb'ton v. Dunfermline.
27	Kilmarnock v. Rangers.
26	Coventry v. Aston Villa.
25	Leith A. v. Edinburgh.
24	Barnsley v. Blackburn.
22	Chester v. Hull.
21	Rochdale v. Hartlepools.
20	Cardiff v. Watford.
18	Halifax v. Oldham.
16	Southend v. Crystal P.
15	Stockport v. Sheffield W.
13	Charlton v. Huddersfield.
12	Portsmouth v. Brentford.
9	Motherwell v. Dundee.
8	Newcastle v. West Ham.
7	Middlesbro' v. Arsenal.
6	Carlisle v. Gateshead.
5	Doncaster v. Wrexham.
4	Arbroath v. Hamilton.
3	Third Lan'k v. St. Mirren.
2	Preston v. Everton.
1	Walsall v. Gillingham.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Clapton O. v. Reading	1
Stoke v. Blackpool	2
Manchester U. v. Fulham	3
Notts F. v. Bradford	4
Luton v. Southampton	5
Hearts v. Aberdeen	6
Burnley v. Swansea	7
Leeds v. Leicester	8
Bristol R. v. Swindon	9
Accrington v. N. Brighton	10
Clyde v. Queen of S.	11
W.B.A. v. Derby	13
King's Park v. Montrose	16
Morton v. Queen's Pk.	19
Bradford C. v. Crewe	21
Chelsea v. Bolton	22
Birmingham v. Man. C.	23
Southport v. Barrow	32
Grimsby v. Wolves	36
Stenh'smuir v. E. Stirling	39
Bournem'th v. Bristol C.	42
St. Johnstone v. Falkirk	47
Alloa v. E. Fife	48
Torquay v. Millwall	50
Liverpool v. Sunderland	54
Northampton v. Exeter	55
Rotherham v. Lincoln	56
Partick v. Celtic	57

'DANDRUFF vanished!'

Read Mr. Whittle's letter—his photograph shows how healthy his hair now is. Silvikrin is sold by chemists, hairdressers and stores (Lotion 1/6, Pure Silvikrin 4/-).



2 James Street,
Cardiff.

Dear Sirs.
For some time I have been troubled with dandruff and falling hair. Three days after starting your Silvikrin treatment (Silvikrin Lotion and Shampoo) the dandruff vanished. After ten days daily massage with the Lotion, my hair ceased falling and now after three weeks' treatment I have a fine head of hair.

(sgd.) Thos. W. Whittle.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

TO REMOVE *STAINS from* FALSE TEETH

BEFORE
AFTER

'Steradent' causes stains and discolourations to vanish from dental plates. You simply fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Every stain disappears. Plates regain their wholesome appearance. Dingy discoloured teeth become clean and natural-looking. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. At all chemists.

IMPORTANT: Be sure you get 'Steradent'. Dentists recommend it.

Steradent Ltd., Kingston Works, Hull.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

VENOS

BRAND

LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

will

STOP *YOUR* COUGH

LIKE LIGHTNING!

Did you say Shag?

Well, talking about Shag, although you enjoy a good Shag Tobacco, you've most probably not realised full pleasure from your pipe, if you haven't tried Player's Digger Shag. Digger is made of the choicest Empire leaf by Player's, and it lives up to their reputation. Actually Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco . . . . . and so many smokers can't be wrong.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

SHAG

8

Also FLAKE • PLUG • MIXTURE • HONEYDEW

P.D.52A

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

> All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE BEST WORKMEN WEAR THEM
THE BEST OUTFITTERS SELL THEM

Lybro OVERALLS

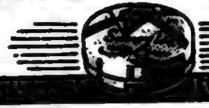
In case of difficulty write to Workwear Ltd., Liverpool.

Shiny noses banished!

Banish shiny nose forever! Snowfire Powder-Cream gives your skin a lovely matt-finish that makes you complexion-confident wherever you are. It never clogs the pores. And how economical it is to use! There are five flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your skin colouring.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM



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These prices do not apply in Eire

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. £4.17.6

TERMS: 5/- per Month.

NO CHARGE MADE FOR EASY PAYMENTS.
WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS.

Mrs. G. E. of Malton, writes:—"We have got the Wireless fixed up and it goes grand. We are delighted with such a beauty for the price, and such a nice one too. Really it is as good as that of a friend of ours that was twice the price."

Mr. N. A. of Gateshead, writes:—"I received the 'S.3' Battery model, and within half an hour had it going. We found the Set was more than we had expected, all British stations and many Continental stations being received and recognised by the wavelength markings on the tuning dial."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

HOW TO BANISH CATARRH EFFECTIVELY

AN excellent five-fold treatment for all forms of Catarrh is now available for home use. Readers are invited to send for a free test. Turn at once to page 4 and fill in the coupon.

DOUBLE BONUSES CELEBRATE "JOHN BULL'S" 100th NEW SERIES X-WORD!

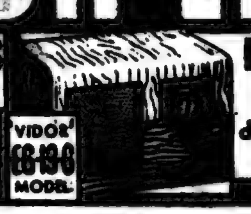
20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £400 CASH

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."



DOUBLE BONUSES of RADIO and EASTER HAMPER

delivered in good time for Easter Sunday, April 17, to each winner of a Runners-up Prize of £3 and over

INCLUDING DUCKLING AND FRESH GREEN PEAS

ACROSS CLUES

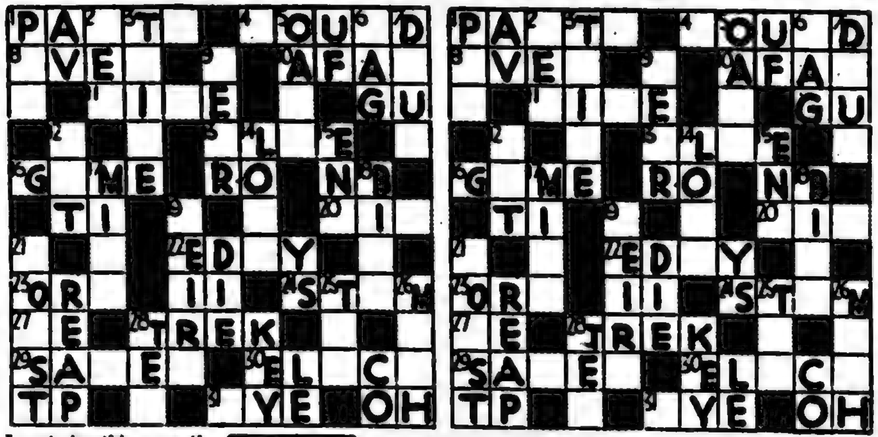
1. Garage will sometimes quote special prices for
4. Knitter likes her wool to be this
8. Above
10. At a distance
11. Gulls seldom pick up much when they do this
13. Otherwise
16. Football is one
20. Many people do this for gold all over the world
22. Small whirlpool
23. Metal in stores
24. Part of a plant
27. Beginning and end of ache
29. One can sometimes learn a lot from these
30. Select by vote
31. Black one changes colour after a while

DOWN CLUES

1. Plant is sometimes found in
2. Colour in Tredegar
3. Film sometimes shows a lot of this
5. Sailing barges sometimes carry
6. Horse
7. In which chemicals are often found
9. Bitter one is sometimes unpleasant
12. Part comedian gets in Dick Whittington is often this
14. One is very often raised to a higher position
15. Finish
17. Occasionally caught in larder, stealing food
18. Cyclists usually carry when they go over wild, rough country
19. Are sometimes in deep water
21. Frequently difficult to make good
25. Sometimes suffers when shoe pinches
26. Is often a whopper
28. Golfer frequently misses when on the links

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No.100. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1938.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value ....

No. ....

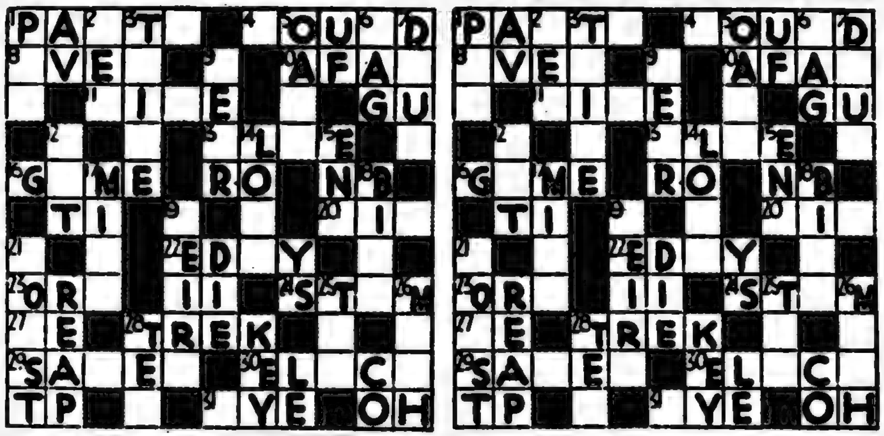
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No.100. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1938.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value ....

No. ....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

£2,300 WON IN CROSSWORD No. 97.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 97, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Set of Answers on one Square (see below) were the following ten competitors:

S. Carter, 13, New Road (East), Copnor, Portsmouth; Mrs. M. B. Chapman, 57, Cochrane Pk. Ave., Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. D. [illegible], 97, High St., Burntisland, Fife; Mrs. A. I. Griffiths, 263, Warwick Rd., Olton, Warwicks; H. Hallett, 3, Mt. Pleasant Cres., Hastings; H. Hammond, Fundenhall, Norwich; R. F. Hind, Ellerslie Rd., Ashton, Preston; G. Lowers, 22, Bull Street, London, S.E.15; Mrs. J. I. Meadows, 12, Farm Court, Watford Way, N.W.4; L. W. Worth, 23, Arnold Rd., Tottenham, N.15.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £2,000 and a cheque for £200 will be sent to each.

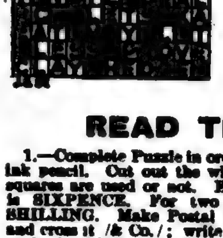
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £200 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 129 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 11s. 1d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be divided between cash winners from whom we received in one envelope four or more coupons for this contest.

N.B. ANOTHER COLOSSAL ONE-WEEK OPPORTUNITY COMING SOON!

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, March 19, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 31. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, April 5, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 41.

ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD No. 100, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bulletin" Dept., 39 Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY).

You must affix ½d. Stamp here.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name ....

Address ....

....

COPY SQUARES ONLY

MAGNESIA DISCOVERED TO WHITEN TEETH

How easy to have snowy-white teeth according to the advertisements! Just use the right dentifrice, and dingiest teeth turn gleaming white. Well, it's true to-day, thanks to the discovery of what a certain brand of magnesia does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel.

If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Countless people have found this to be so, because twelve thousand dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their patients. It has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

DO YOUR FALSE TEETH ANNOY YOU?

If your Teeth slip or click, cause you constant annoyance and embarrassment, sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates. It renders suction perfect instantly—grips teeth so secure yet comfortably they feel natural. Positively no slipping or clicking—blissful comfort assured all day long. Forms a special comfort-cushion to protect and soothe gums—no more soreness. No coloured, gummy paste—keeps mouth fresh—breath pleasant. Inexpensive—sold by Chemists everywhere.

RE-AWAKEN & FEED those HAIR ROOTS!

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They are merely too stunted or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp.

Simply soften and Free the Scalp from the stale hair-poisoning and choking dandruff and other pore cloggings with Kotalko Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Nourish the Hair Organism by massaging with KOTALKO True Hair Grower. YOU WILL QUICKLY SEE NEW HAIR GROWING through the Scalp, even where it is bald or the hair is very thin. The new hair will keep on growing Thicker, Longer and Stronger.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

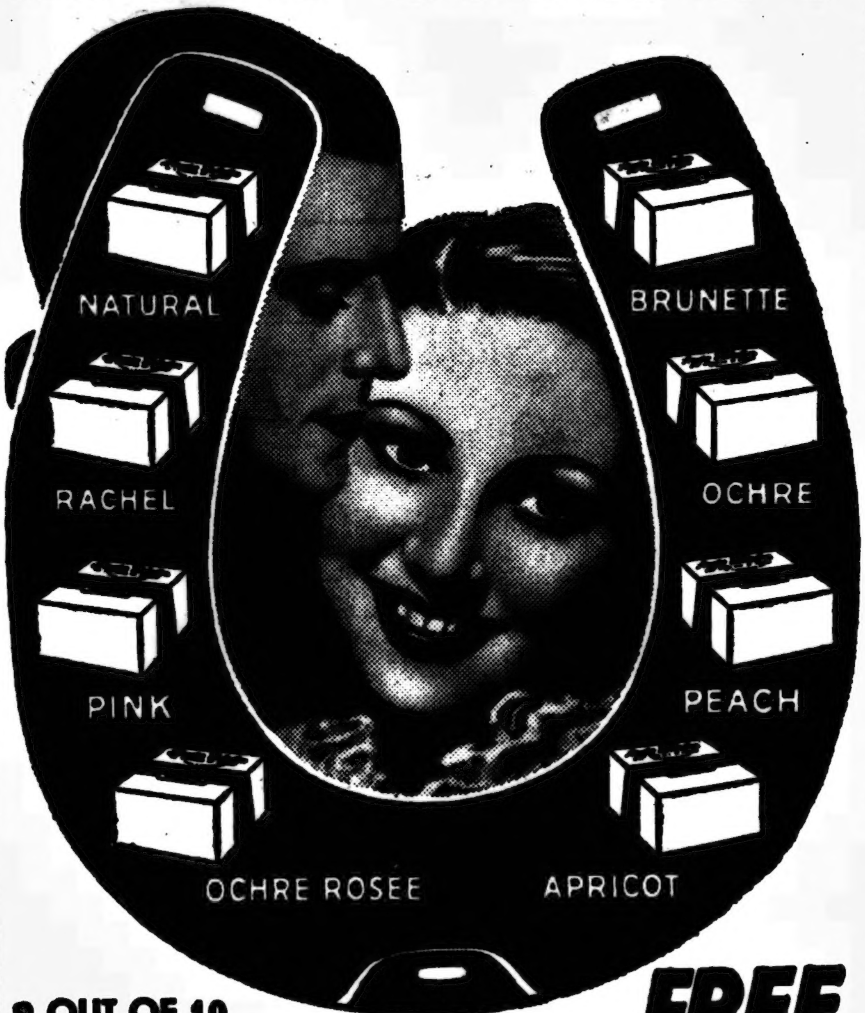
You have everything to gain—nothing to lose—by writing for trial package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Scalp Soap.

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff, or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post or copy Coupon below.

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN LTD., 9, Percy St. (83 d.d.), London, W.1.
Please send me post paid Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
Name ....
Address ....
....

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE?



9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER

THE wrong shade of powder gives you a horrid, hard "made-up" look—makes you appear years older. The only way to find *your* right shade is to try one colour on one side of your face and one on the other. Make this test to-day with the new exciting shades of Poudre Tokalon. They will be sent you free. These new 'skin-tone' shades are blended by the aid of a new machine—the "Chromascope." Like a magic eye it selects colours with unfailing accuracy. No more powdered "made-up" look. Powder which *matches* the skin so perfectly it seems to become part of it.

Poudre Tokalon is blended by a patent process with "Mousse of Cream." This not only makes it stay on for hours and hours, but prevents the powder from absorbing the natural oils of the skin. Keeps the skin from getting dry and rough—prevents wrinkles forming. Try Tokalon—the famous "Mousse of Cream" powder. See what an amazing improvement it makes in your complexion in a few days.

FREE *these new magic Skin-tone Shades to try*

If you are in doubt which shade suits your skin, we will gladly send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six packages of different shades. Also two tubes of Crème Tokalon Skinfood (for both day and night use). Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Or if you wish to send 6d. all the above will be sent to you and in addition three special size Tokalon Love Lipsticks (different colours). (State colour of powder and lipstick you usually use.) Address: Marline Merlain, Beauty Specialist, (Dept. 222H), 71, Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

IMPORTANT: Poudre Tokalon can be obtained everywhere in standard sizes 6d. and 1/-. Be sure to look for the name Tokalon on each box.

FENNINGS' Children's Powders

HAPPY BABY
HAPPY MOTHER

Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

70 YEARS REPUTATION
SOLD IN BOXES - 1/3 & 3/-
Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

SORE SCALP – ECZEMA – SKIN RASH –

READ THIS **NURSES'S TESTIMONY to**

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., C.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing." D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists, everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE A generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who forward postcard (1d. stamp) giving name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.12), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

CROSSWORD No. 100.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 40 is presented the hundredth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Litt., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 31, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable as instructed on page 40. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lauterwasser adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Reflector, Accessories. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. Ladies' Model: free-wheel, fixed sprocket, 2 brakes, £5.4.6 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW Enamelled Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

FREE BOOK FOR ASTHMA and CATARRH Sufferers!

FILL in the coupon on p. 35 for a valuable free copy of a Booklet "Are you Asthmatic," which explains how sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., can get immediate relief from these distressing maladies. Cut out the Coupon NOW and post before you forget!

A SURE WAY TO STOP COLDS AND 'FLU

Once "Family Never Free"—Now Colds "Vanished Altogether."

One reason colds are so hard to throw off is because when you catch a cold or 'flu your system develops too much acidity and ordinary medicines have no effect on it.

That is why Mrs. Powter, of Hull, took so long to find relief. Read what she says: "My family have been subject to colds and headaches and we have tried several kinds of 'cures,' but never got really clear. So we tried 'Alka-Seltzer' and have received complete relief from the headache attacks, while the colds simply vanished altogether."

'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets are an amazing new remedy for Colds, Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism and all the effects of excess acidity. They make a pleasant, sparkling drink that drives away your trouble like magic.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It's not a laxative.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of a physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, purifies the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco through Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or any chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT HEALS BAD LEG

Once again the magic healing power of GERMOLENE succeeds where all else failed! 'I had the misfortune to burn myself,' writes J. W., of Stone. 'I thought it would soon be all right again but it developed into a very bad leg. Nothing gave me relief until I used GERMOLENE and with good results! The wound is quite healed'

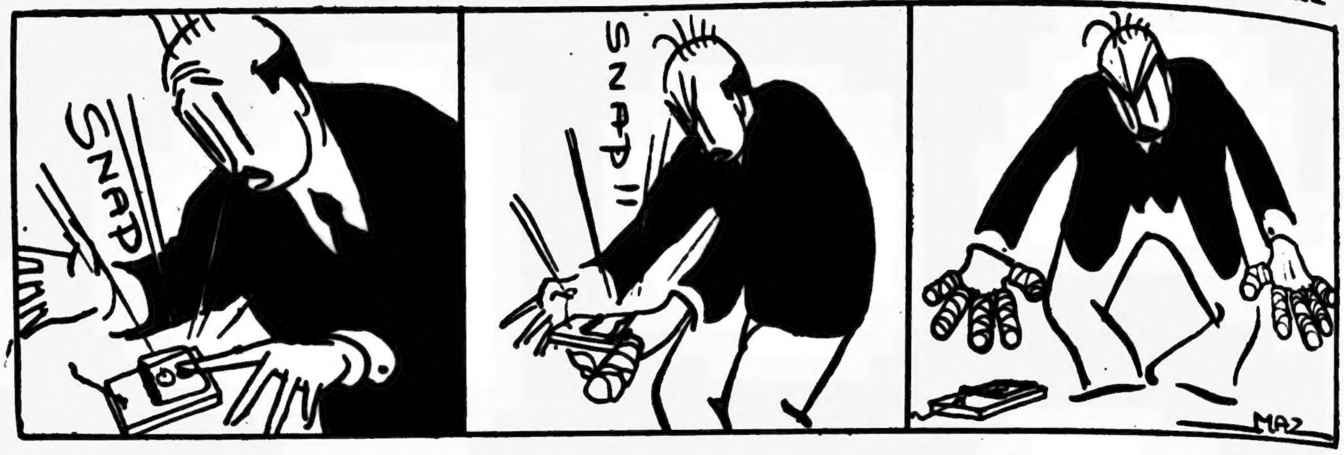
If YOU are a victim of any skin trouble get a tin of GERMOLENE TO-DAY! Soothes at the first touch—heals in record time. The Wonder Remedy for:—

ABSCESSES BOILS WOUNDS | BAD LEG ECZEMA BLACKHEADS | CHILBLAINS SCALDS

Sold Everywhere 6D 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin. TUBES 4/6.

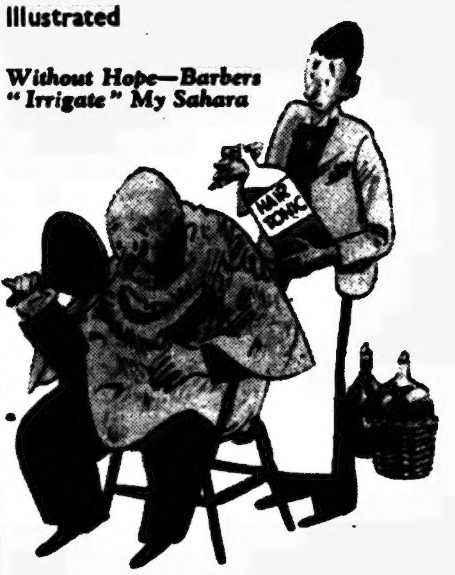
FOR PILES USE GERMOLOIDS Brand 1/3 PER BOX

Dad . . . Trapped by Maz



The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated



Without Hope—Barbers "Irrigate" My Sahara

BERT (Mildenhall).—"He is an eccentric fellow and wears a small watch round his ankle." And clocks on his socks?

B. V. (Hull).—"I shall ask my doctor to tell me the worst." Why bother? He'll post it to you, anyway.

A. B. (Chichester).—"One does not find the modern girl getting up with the lark." No, she stays up for one instead.

C. N. (Perth).—"My husband is a chemist, but his hasty temper is ruining his business." He can't bottle that up.

N. F. (Boston).—"I claim to know the ins and outs of music." You play the trombone?

Mrs. A. (Rochester).—"Sometimes I think my husband prefers his wireless set to me." Well, possibly he gets less interference from it.

F. F. (Leamington).—"Do you consider it any use writing a musical comedy in which there is no chorus?" Well, you can't expect it to run without legs.

CORA (Wembley).—"When I said I was going to be married they all wanted to know who was the happy man." Your father?

F. M. (High Wycombe).—"I don't think it right that the goalkeeper should come in for so much criticism if his team is losing." Well, he's there to be shot at.

T. H. (Tankerton).—"We quarrelled because my wife nearly let the fire out, but only for a few minutes." So you soon made it up.

Bob (Chelsea).—"The chief aim of most professional footballers is to avoid knee trouble." Others, of course, like to have a shot at goal now and again.

Second (Tring).—"To demonstrate his argument he grabbed a rapier from its rack and made a thrust at me." Then you saw the point.

E. M. H. (Clapham).—"It is my opinion that the average wife does not rate her husband very highly." She makes up for it, though, by rating him very soundly.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. W[illegible]day, marking your envelope "E[illegible]." The replies given here [illegible] correspondents are for y[illegible]t.

Artist (Chelsea).—"Red is a most arresting colour." So is blue.

R. Y. (Andover).—"I sacked my maid when I found her lying on my bed smoking and reading." She sat up and took notice.

E. T. (Sutton).—"What do you think happened when I took home some white mice for a lark?" It didn't like them.

H. G. (Exeter).—"In a bus the other day quite a young girl demanded that I give her my seat." You didn't stand for that?

G. M. B. (Nottingham).—"Cheers were heard at a chess match recently." Someone must have moved at last.

S. B. (Barnes).—"I saw the ghost and lunged at it with my cane, but it disappeared." Evidently you're the sort of chap who sticks at nothing.

Entomologist (Bude).—"On my country walks I am always on the look-out for strange insects." You don't leave a stone unturned.

N. M. (Kettering).—"I regard some of his actions with suspicion, but that may only be because he is a nudist." You can't pin anything on him.

R. O. L. (Exeter).—"How do you like my photograph? I put a little powder and paint on my face to make me look pretty." What a pity it didn't!

S. T. (Eltham).—"After a lot of haggling I bought the car, but when it arrived I found it to be a wreck." You didn't bargain for that.

S. Y. (Brixham).—"The hiker gave me an interesting, if disjointed, account of his travels in many parts of the world." A rambling story.

Mrs. L. (Maidstone).—"I left it until nearly eight o'clock before I broke the news that there was only cold meat for dinner." We hope it went down well.

Elsie (Esher).—"The gale blew away part of the bride's gown at the station, thereby causing her to arrive an hour late for the wedding." She lost her train, eh?

Mrs. R. L. (Kennington).—"I've discovered that the boy who broke my window lives only just round the corner." Within a stone's throw, eh?

F. W. (Ashford).—"I can tell by the shabby state of his suits that the comedian is not too well favoured by fortune." He wants some new material.

H. E. (Huddersfield).—"Football forwards must keep their wits about them when a corner kick is being taken at their opponents' end." They have to use their heads.

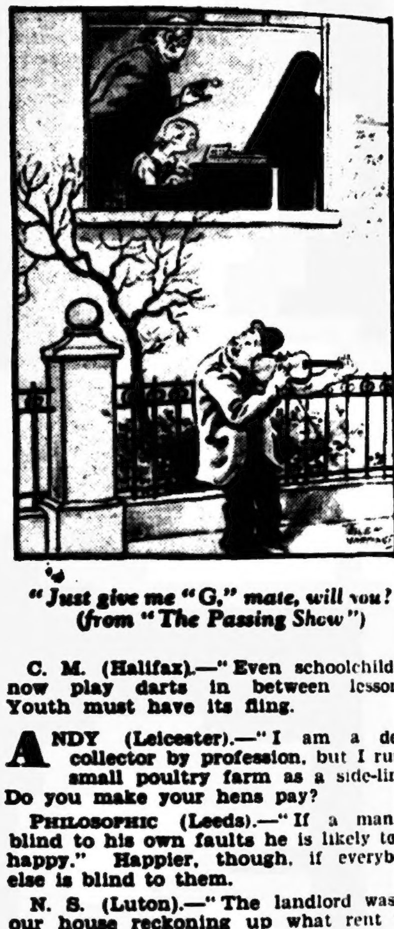
R. M. (Diss).—"As one who has lived in the tropics, I often wonder where the average Englishman would be without water." On the 'phone, demanding to know why it had been cut off.

O. L. (Dublin).—"I hadn't any change in the house, so what could I do when the beggar asked me to give him something for a cup of tea?" Surely you had a few lumps of sugar?

PSYCHOLOGIST (Staines).—"The average housebreaker usually has a certain amount of feeling for the owner of the house he has just ransacked." A sort of sneaking regard, as it were.

D. C. (Woodhall Spa).—"In his search for a likely candidate the trainer considered all the boxers critically as they stepped on the scales." He weighed them up.

E. K. (Newport).—"Just as I was beginning to react to the emotional theme of the play, an attendant came to inform me that I was occupying someone else's seat." You were moved?



"Just give me "G," mate, will you!"
(from "The Passing Show")

C. M. (Halifax).—"Even schoolchildren now play darts in between lessons." Youth must have its fling.

ANDY (Leicester).—"I am a debt-collector by profession, but I run a small poultry farm as a side-line." Do you make your hens pay?

Philosophic (Leeds).—"If a man is blind to his own faults he is likely to be happy." Happier, though, if everybody else is blind to them.

N. S. (Luton).—"The landlord was in our house reckoning up what rent was due, but I am afraid I upset his calculations." You threw him out?

Mrs. B. R. C. (Winchester).—"Please allow more space for name and address on *Bullets* coupons." They've grown so much this week that they'd accommodate even Mrs. Heatherington-Cholmondley of Llansaintffraid-yn-Mechan or thereabouts.

C. M. (Horsley).—"When smoking a cigar after dinner in a restaurant the band should be removed." Some of the bands we have heard should be removed before dinner.

R. S. (Chertsey).—"The watch lasted only three months, and the man at the shop had guaranteed it for a lifetime." Perhaps you looked ill when you purchased it.

B. K. (Swansea).—"He gave me a big order for drinks, starting with a dozen syphons of soda." He wanted to make a splash.

Helen (Esher).—"In a recent skating competition, I was right off form and made myself look ridiculous." You cut a poor figure.

Professor (Burnley).—"No words of mine are needed to praise the almost human robot that I've invented." It speaks for itself, eh?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Puzzles for All

Walt Disney, genius of entertainment, provides fun and thrills for old and young in a splendid "Five-in-One" puzzle presented FREE inside every copy of *Mickey Mouse Weekly*, on sale Friday, March 11.

Four separate pictures of Donald Duck, Clara Cluck and other of the famous Disney characters in some of their most hilarious adventures can be composed—if you are skilful in solving this puzzle!

The fifth puzzle—"jiggles"—is a complete entertainment in itself, bringing endless hours of amusement.

Get a copy of this issue of *Mickey Mouse Weekly* at once, and you will take home something to interest all.

WHO'S NEXT FOR A BIG "BULLETS" FORTUNE?

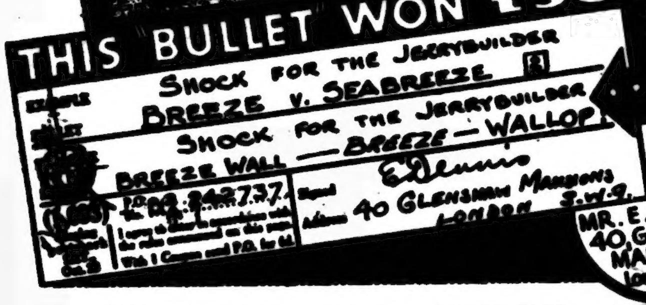
WIN THIS GREAT NEW 2-IN-1 FIRST

£500

Cash plus

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY CELEBRATION GIFT VALUE UP TO £5

THIS BULLET WON £300



SHOCK FOR THE JERRYBUILDER [8]

BREEZE v. SEABREEZE

SHOCK FOR THE JERRYBUILDER

BREEZE WALL — BREEZE — WALLOP!

1000 242737

E Dennis

40 GLENSHAW MANSIONS LONDON S.W.9.

for MR. E. DENNIS 40, GLENSHAW MANSIONS, London S.W.9

6,364 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

£50 £25 £10 £9 £8

£7 £6 £5 £4 10 of £3 10 of £2

10 of £1 25 of 10/- 50 of 5/- 250 of 2/6

GIANT NEW EASY-TO-ENTER COUPONS THIS WEEK

1,000 30-point
2,000 20-point
3,000 10-point
MYSTERY PRIZES

ALL AWARDS ACCOMPANIED BY £175 SURPRISE

ONE WEEK ONLY! CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. MAR. 19

1112

A SINGLE sixpenny coupon cut from JOHN BULL brought our 1,093rd *Bullets* First Prize, consisting of £300 cash plus extra Car Award, to the middle-aged engineer whom you see above. But he did no more than *you* can do.

A few minutes spent with the *Examples* this evening and, on one of the Giant New Easy-to-enter Coupons given on this page, you may well write the *Bullet* that will win this week's £500 First and £5 Celebration Gift.

HOW TO WIN

Select a few *Examples* and jot down all the ideas each one suggests. Now a finished *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*, so your next step must be to condense and polish your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example* BEYOND BELIEF had prompted the idea *What True Religion Does*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*: BEYOND BELIEF—RELIEF FROM REAL "BELIEF."

You have only a few days in which to capture the fine First Prize offered this week, so begin on your efforts as soon as you have noted the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,108th Contest which appear on this page. **Remember — your last day for posting is Saturday, March 19.**

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

FREE HELP

For post-free complimentary copy of John Bull's free Weekly *Bullets Bulletin and Crossword Gazette*, the finest help available for Competitions, send postcard to *Bulletin* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" No. 1,108 RESULT

First Prize of £300 and House Purchase Award:

F. J. LANCASTER, 32, Cropthorne Road, Shirley, Warwickshire.

Example: NOW SONNY'S A CHOIR-BOY
Bullet: HEAVEN HELP HEAVEN'S HELPERS!

SECOND PRIZE £50:

G. FOWELL, 188, White Road, Birmingham.

Example: Threw Up The Sponge
Bullet: And Grew Up Sponger.

THIRD PRIZE £25:

D. CAVILLE, 41, Stafford Road, Walsall.

Example: Mother's Ill, So
Bullet: Wash Unaired—Heir Unwashed.

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: J. GASKELL, P.O., Skelwith Bridge, Ambleside, Westmorland.
Worth Advertising—League, When "Articles Enduring."

£10: G. HASWELL, 14, Chiddingstone Street, London, S.W.
Out Went The Lifeboat And—Icy Fingers "Pulled Away."

5 OF £5 EACH:

B. BISHOP, 38, Clarence Place, Gravesend.
When Dad Tried Painting—"Stuck To Post"—"Decorated"!

J. KERSHAW, 89, St. Albans Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.
Now Sonny's A Choir-boy—"*Blood's*" In His *Music*!

Mrs. A. MILL, 29, Springwood Avenue, Liverpool.
Her Career—"Colourless," Beside "Pink Bundle."

Mrs. A. THORPE, 26, Seymour Street, Manchester
Out Went The Lifeboat And—"Sand" Won—Sandbank Lost.

Miss L. TITMUS, 1, Harvey Road, Leytonstone.
Schoolmistress Nature — Methodical — Her "Books" *Everywhere*.

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. L. BRUCE, 14, Mornington Avenue, London, W.
With A Hunted Look—Mouse—Thought Kitchenette Trap!

H. CULLINGFORD, "Khan Yunis," 35, Gordon Avenue Norwich.
"Not Another Penny!"—He Cried, Engaging Lawyer!

Mrs. M. HASLEWOOD, 37, Elmhurst Avenue, East Finchley, N.
Now Sonny's A Choir-boy—Nearer Preacher, Not Heaven.

N. G. MINTO, 7, Cedar Grove, Manchester.
Cheap Labour—Cuts Consumption, Completing Circle.

Mrs. PYBUS, 876, New Oak View, Linthwaite, near Huddersfield.
Gets Grandpa—Recruiting Sergeant's "Get, Grandpa!"

M. ROSEVEARE, Jnr., 36, Cope Street, Barnsley.
Her Career—Solitary Thought — Solitary, Thoughtful.

H. THOMAS, Gweifor-Rhiw, Pwllheli, N. Wales.
Picture Of Contentment—Dad, Trumping Bailiff's Ace!

J. B. WALSH, 9, Tanycoed Terrace, Merthyr.
Out Went The Lifeboat And—Mayoress, Clutching Bottle!

J. A. WILSON, 162, Carr House Road, Doncaster.
Modest Violet—Tommy, After Dropping Stink-bomb!

P. C. WINDO, St. Hilda, Park Avenue, Eastbourne.
Now Sonny's A Choir-boy—Pellets "Singing" Between Hymns.

A list of 80 10s. and 800 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

Each cash winner will also receive a Surprise Bonus.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example."

WHEN BRITANNIA BROADCASTS
AWAKENING TO THE TRUTH
MAN'S LIFE
WAY HITLER'S GOING
IN WAR'S FURNACE
ARMY OF TO-DAY
NEVILLE'S TEAM
TO DISPERSE THE GLOOM
TAXATION'S JUGGERNAUT
PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE
ROUGH
I'M A PLAIN MAN, SO
BOSS AND WORKER
BEYOND BELIEF
KISSING IS DANGEROUS, BUT
FOR OUR AMUSEMENT
POVERTY COMES AND
FOR GLORY
AFTER THE FLIGHT
ENJOYING FREEDOM
ALL AT ONCE
LEFT IN THE LURCH
TRANSFORMED
WHEN FATHER CONDUCTED
TAKING PRECAUTIONS
GAVE ME THE BLUES
OUR TEACHERS
WHAT THE GENERAL SAID
IN WIFEY'S EYES
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT
RISKY BUSINESS
GATES OF HELL

GIANT EASY-TO-ENTER COUPON FOR BULLETS No. 1112 CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. MAR. 19

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

GIANT EASY-TO-ENTER COUPON FOR BULLETS No. 1112 CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. MAR. 19

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....

Address ....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your Entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,112 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,107 will be displayed in the window of Mr. C. W. Smith, 552, Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

☞ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 1,112, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How Can You Suffer In Face Of This PROOF!

Victims of Stomach or Nerve Trouble will be infused with New Hope at the magnificent tribute to "Yeast-Vite" which I bring you to-day. It is penned by one whose whole life was ruined by these dread afflictions.

YOU May Only Have Suffered for days!

You may have suffered for **weeks or months**!

The lady whose letter is published below suffered for 20 YEARS!—tried **EVERYTHING** and spent over £100 in trying to get relief, with no result. Then she took "Yeast-Vite." The result was marvellous. She Was Better After The First Few Doses.

Fancy, £100 failed to Bring Relief—but 1/3 did.

Yeast -Vite *is Life*

Again—again and AGAIN I prove that YEAST-VITE is the Wonder Tonic of the Age! To YOU I say—no matter whether you have suffered for minutes, hours, days, weeks, months or even YEARS—YEAST-VITE CAN END YOUR SUFFERING—CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE Happy, Joyous, Vigorous and WORTH LIVING.

It can dispel your nagging Headache in a few minutes—soothe those jangled Nerves—end the awful agony of that Digestive Disorder—banish those Rheumatic Pains and fill that Weary, Depressed and Listless body of yours with New Vim and Vigour!

And I back my statement with the fairest and most honest offer in the World! I ask you to go to your chemist AT ONCE and purchase a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets. And then I say to you try them under the terms of the Record-breaking Offer of "NO CURE—NO PAY!"

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	*TO*	*TIME*
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MIN.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MIN.
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MIN.
DEPRESSION - -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MIN.
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION- -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MIN.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE — NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded.

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets.
Sold Everywhere. **6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

£100 Would Not Buy Relief

NURSING HOME

Kensington.

Gentlemen,—

As a sufferer for over 20 years from severe MORNING SICKNESS and NERVE TROUBLE, it may interest you to know that your Yeast-Vite Tablets have cured me.

The sickness has often been for hours every morning and continued until the strain was so great that I was practically unable to attend to any business. I HAVE BEEN UNDER TREATMENT AND AT LAST TO A NURSING HOME FOR FIVE WEEKS, WHICH COST ME OVER £100. A fortnight after leaving there I was just as bad as ever.

I have tried every remedy with no result, until I took "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I WAS BETTER AFTER THE FIRST FEW DOSES and have continued so ever since.

This is only a few weeks ago and I have had no return of the old trouble. In fact, I not only feel well, but I eat a good breakfast, which I have not done for many years.

I shall continue to take "Yeast-Vite," but write this as a small appreciation from one who has suffered. I am, yours faithfully, (Sgd.) E. R.

BUT 1/3 DID!

After 20 Years
MORNING SICKNESS *and* **NERVE TROUBLE**
can now eat a good meal thanks to
YEAST - VITE.

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